

# Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 5, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

**MMM, MMM, GREAT!**

**Texas' Earl Campbell  
Demolishes the Aggies**



# Last year, Thrusters were the next step in sound. This year, we've gone a step further.



Treble.

Mid-range and bass.

Superb extra thrust of bass.



Parabolic short horn  
For better  
sound direction in  
Thrusters

Last year, Panasonic introduced Thrusters speakers for Matched Components—the speakers with a passive radiator for a powerful, extra thrust of bass.

This year, we're introducing a new Thrusters speaker for Matched Components. The SB-1800. To our famous Thrusters, it adds what our engineers call "a parabolic short horn." It does in your home what it does in concert halls. Controls dispersion for greater sound

intensity of mid-range and high-frequency notes. For an amazing sense of presence. So your music feels like it's "right in the room." When you combine this with Thrusters' superb bass response, you have an ideal match.

One more ideal match: The SB-1800 with one of our Matched Components systems. Like the RA-5600 AM/FM stereo receiver with 8 track and RD-3500 12" automatic return turntable (with magnetic cartridge and dustcover) shown here.

New Thrusters SB-1800 speakers. An extra thrust of bass. An extra thrust of mid-range. An extra thrust of treble. It all adds up to one thing. An extra thrust of enjoyment.

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[Only 9 mg. tar.]

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**\*The National Test.**

Regular king-size filter smokers—both full-flavor and low tar smokers—tested Real Filter and major non-menthol low tar brands. Each person smoked one low tar brand on an unidentified basis and rated it. Real Filter was rated higher overall than every low tar brand tested. It was rated higher on taste, satisfaction, natural taste and rich flavor. Yet Real has only 9 mg. tar.

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9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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From the East

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## Unisonic 21

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Center  
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McCartney/Dewitt  
McNamee/White  
Moss Drug  
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Nymark  
**1994**  
Berkley City, Sherris  
Arizona (unavail) Co  
New Interstate  
**1995**  
Arizona City, Sherris  
Wyman/Scott  
**CLAY VENT**  
Cane, Taylor Co  
Gardner/Grassie Co  
Rushie Co/Scott  
Tanner/White  
**1996**  
Dixie/White  
Rush/White, Co  
Fountain/Scott  
Seymour  
Harwood/Scott  
**1997**  
Hill/White City, Sherris  
**1998**  
Scott/White

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100





## **In Sunnyside, Utah, they've always had too much water.**

You wouldn't guess it from the parched, scrubby desert that's all around.

But at Kaiser Steel Corporation's Sunnyside Coal Mines, too much water has been a problem since the original miners began working them back in 1896.

Three million gallons of water must be pumped up every day. Or the mines can't be worked at all.

To do the job, Kaiser Steel turned to some rugged, hardworking Flygt pumps, developed by the people of ITT.

These submersible pumps, squatting in grit-laden water, pump out the mines continuously,

day and night. (Some have been at it 12 years now.)

Some of the water is sprayed on the coal being mined, to keep down the coal dust.

Some is used to wash the coal before it's sent off to its destination.

And some of the water is stored in 500,000 gallon tanks that some of Sunnyside's neighbors tap for farming when their water supply's low.

Around Sunnyside, Utah, they need all the water they can get.

Everywhere but in the mines.

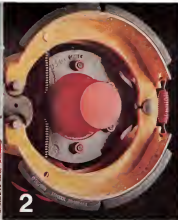
**The best ideas are the  
ideas that help people. ITT**

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## Eaton Update:

### 1 Getting the power around the corner

Eaton hydrostatic transmissions offer designers of agricultural equipment great flexibility by replacing awkward mechanical linkages with hydraulic lines that can go around or through other components. They allow the equipment to work more efficiently because operators have an infinite selection of operating modes.

Eaton's commitment to hydrostatics started in the mid-sixties. A new plant in Spencer, Iowa, is operating at maximum capacity, and we are planning another expansion to serve this growing market.

### 2 The advantages of being single

With Eaton's Single Anchor Pin brake system you can reline a

truck brake in just two minutes—and the only tool you need is a screwdriver. With conventional double anchor pin systems the job can take hours, even with special tools.

This Eaton exclusive is saving down-time for truckers all over the country. But it's only one of our many contributions to trucking efficiency. We're a leader, worldwide, in axles and heavy-duty transmissions, and we're winning an ever-stronger position in components like brakes and anti-lock systems, fan drives, and air conditioning.

### 3 636-acre survival course

The Eaton Proving Ground at Marshall, Michigan, subjects truck and automobile components to horrendous treatment. The facilities include a 1.6 mile oval track for sustained endurance testing; road surfaces that are just plain hostile; a salt bath for corrosive brake lining tests; and a 1200-foot skid pad that can simulate any skid condition.

It's all part of Eaton's total commitment to quality. We market new engineering ideas only after having proved that they excel at surviving in the real world.

Eaton is a family of technologically related businesses with a balanced combination of manufacturing and engineering skills. We're always looking for new ways to use these skills in markets where needs are growing. This approach to the management of change has been achieving record sales and earnings. For the complete story, write to: Eaton Corporation, 100 Erieview Plaza, Cleveland, Ohio 44114.

# EAT•N





## Vitamin loss. Classic in flu.

When your body reacts to the stress of flu, it increases the rate at which it uses up many kinds of nutrients, including vitamins. From a balanced daily diet, your body can store up most nutrients for such emergency use. However, there are certain vitamins the body can't stockpile, no matter how much you take in. Here's why:

**Water-soluble vs. fat-soluble vitamins.** Your body absorbs two kinds of vitamins from the food you eat: fat-soluble and water-soluble. The fat-soluble vitamins are accumulated in substantial reserves in body tissues. But this is not true of the water-soluble vitamins: B complex and C, and daily replacement through proper diet is considered necessary even when you're well. When your vitamin needs are increased by the stress of infection, immediate supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins B complex and C may be indicated.

**Why many doctors recommend STRESSTABS 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins.** When the diet is inadequate, STRESSTABS 600 can help you avoid a vitamin deficiency by replacing the

B and C vitamins lost during stress conditions such as flu. STRESSTABS 600 can satisfy above-normal needs for these vitamins by providing above-normal amounts: 600 mg. of vitamin C plus a high potency formula of the B complex vitamins. STRESSTABS 600 also contains vitamin E. Also available: New STRESSTABS 600 with Iron.

**Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS 600.** Ask your doctor or pharmacist about this different brand of vitamin. Available at your drug store in bottles of 30 or 60 tablets.

STRESSTABS 600 won't cure the flu, but it can help you maintain the good nutritional balance you need to fight back.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"Mountains have much more to offer than formal skiing," says Enrico Ferorelli, the New York-based photographer who took the pictures for the article on ski mountaineering that begins on page 52. It is a sport, he says, that has brought about a return to "the total appreciation of mountains—you can sense people's rejection of ski lifts and the soaring price of equipment."

Ferorelli, who grew up in Rome, has skied for 30 of his 36 years. He was a top slalom racer in college, but now feels himself a kindred spirit to the many ski instructors, safety patrolmen and former racers who are proponents of ski mountaineering. "My own career has spanned every teaching and technological development," Ferorelli says, "so that I have come full circle, back to the Telemark turn, which is what I learned as a youth."

Ferorelli has always loved "any sport which does not require either teammates or a ball." A sailing enthusiast, he specializes in the Finn (solo) Class, and he enjoys two-day escapist canoe trips, paddling upstream the first day and down the second. (Where does one store a canoe in New York City? Ferorelli made his local gage-man an offer he could not refuse.) In fencing he was ranked among Italy's top 30, though he

says, "I have never been a champion because I always have too many other things to accomplish. I love competition, however, because it forces you to stretch your skills."

Last August he literally stretched his to the breaking point. In Italy on his honeymoon, Ferorelli entered a sailplane meet and brought his craft down ½ mile short of his destination when the brake cable broke. The plane crashed nose first in a ditch, at great inconvenience to both the aircraft and Ferorelli, who broke two vertebrae in his lower back. He was incapacitated for 15 days and then went off on a relatively sedate assignment, a regatta in Venice.

Ferorelli's photographic career began 10 years ago, the day after he graduated from Rome University with a degree in law, when he was hired by TIME's Rome Bureau as a photographer's assistant. It soon became clear that his avocation as a photographer was to become his vocation. He learned the finer points of lighting by photographing paintings and statues in museums and worked as a commercial photographer. Assignments in Rome were few, and he found himself shuttling between Italy and the U.S. Finally, down to his last \$1,000, he decided six years ago to settle in Manhattan. Now, like most photographers, he is at work on a coffee-table book. His will consist of photographs of clouds, shot from the air.

Friends were mistaken who thought that Ferorelli's marriage to Martha Saxton, a biographer whose subjects have ranged from Jayne Mansfield to Louisa May Alcott, might fetter the photographer's free spirit. "We fly together, sail together and jog together," he says. "We even worked together on a history of honeymooning in America." You can't get much more adventurous than that.

*Sack meyer*



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In addition, we'll send you periodic newsletters with "how to" sports tips and

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YOU OWE IT TO YOUR LIQUOR.**

## BOOKTALK

by KENNY MOORE

THE JOY OF RUNNING COMES THROUGH  
BUT, OH, HOW THE AUTHOR RUNS ON

In *The Complete Book of Running* (Random House, \$10) author James F. Fixx embraces the virtues of exhaustiveness. He details the beneficial physical and emotional responses that sustained running can induce, always with an eye to tempting the reader. There are chapters on getting started, on training, diet, equipment, injuries, racing and some of the notables in the expanding world of running. Especially good is his presentation of medical questions: What is running's effect upon mood, sex, weight and women? (All advantageous.) Does it enhance longevity or prevent heart disease? (The results of the studies are conflicting.) A fine appendix makes sense of difficult aspects of sports medicine, and there is a spectacularly broad bibliography.

The urge to list is strong in Fixx, sometimes too strong. In the chapter on coping he tells how to deal with heat, humidity, cold, high altitude, rain, snow, ice, hail, wind, lightning (kneel and pray), sand, slush, mud, rough terrain, hills, darkness, fog, cars, dogs and people, both the harmless and the hell-bent. Much of this space is taken up by the obvious, as when he writes, "Be particularly careful not to step in a hole, trip on a fallen limb, stub your toe against a rock or slip on wet leaves." One can't help but appreciate this earnest and watchful concern, but the reader wonders whether the book has to be that complete.

One chapter that could have been omitted is a mile-by-mile description of the Boston Marathon course, with a poem to our most tradition-laden run. "Boston," says Fixx, "is the single race that captures and summarizes most of what is excellent in marathoning." It is not. Such has been the growth of running that it is no longer accurate to subject Boston to such praise. The New York Marathon has it all over Boston for spectacle and organization. Honolulu, where last year 97% of the 1,600 runners finished the 26 miles and 385 yards, uses the slogan, "Our course records are 2:17:24 at one end and 8:08:18 at the other, and you are cordially invited to break either." Boston, on the other hand, places a qualifying time limit on entrants (three hours for men under 40, 3½ hours for men over 40 and women). What Boston has is history, the nostalgic spectacle of the same runners returning year after year. If even a tenth of the 65,000 who purchased Fixx' book in the first three weeks of publication should appear at the starting line in Hopkinton, Mass. next Patriot's Day, what was a madhouse this year will be an impossibility.

continued

# A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-7020 Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion (smaller is better)	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity (smaller is better)	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation (larger is better)	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio (smaller is better)	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity (larger is better)	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO <sub>2</sub> 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO <sub>2</sub> Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price (Source: 1977 Stereo Review & Stereo Directory & Buying Guide: Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price)	\$449.95	\$749.95	\$677.95	\$709.90
Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Pricing published as of April 1, 1977. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.				

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But now, after a lot of time, energy and solid-state technology, Pioneer is proud to introduce a compact stereo system with the features, specifications and audio quality of components.

The chart above shows you exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-priced audio store component packages. As you can see, you

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**CENTREX**  
by PIONEER

Like a good, thorough bloodhound, Fixx pounds along any number of trails, often finding them opening out into worlds even he hasn't got space for. A wide-eyed, oversimplified account of vegetarianism includes a friend's wheat loaf recipe.

A chapter on Dr. George Sheehan is vaguely unsatisfying. Sheehan, a New Jersey cardiologist, may be our most important philosopher of sport. His prose is elegant, his ideas on play and the practice of medicine are profound and accessible. Fixx appears uncomfortable with the rather personal nature of Sheehan's work and is altogether too accepting of Sheehan's self-effacement. The reader who finds Fixx disaim and superficial is urged to seek out Sheehan's books, for he is exactly the opposite.

Fixx himself is a runner of 10 years' experience but little formal training, which ideally suits him, perhaps, to address the beginner. Unfortunately, he shows some weakness in basic technique. For example, he writes, "Just keep your body straight and your head up, and lean slightly forward." Physics and the carnage of Olympians argue for running perfectly erect, so a plumb line may be drawn from the ear through the hips to the heel as it passes beneath the center of gravity. When a runner leans forward, he constantly wastes energy by having to catch himself to keep from falling.

On several occasions Fixx remarks on lengthening one's stride as if it were a good thing to do. In fact, distance runners improve as their strides shorten and quicken, a finding substantiated by a study of four-minute miles at the University of Oregon, all of whom had longer strides as freshmen than as seniors, when they ran their best times. A good, smooth runner just looks as though he has a long, floating stride, an illusion that surely deceives Fixx when, commenting on a run with Olympian Bill Rodgers, he says, "With each step his legs cover so much pavement that I take three steps for each of his two."

Asked about this, Rodgers says, "I remember that run. I don't think our strides were that different in length. It was just that he wasn't efficient. He really wasn't very graceful." Whether he be feather-footed or not, an overstriding runner wastes energy and may increase the chance of foot injury.

One assumes the license to be this picky about technique because everything Fixx says about the salubrious and freeing nature of running is true. But the transition to elite runner from inert lump is difficult. Those attempting it deserve all the help they can get. Once on the road, of course, they will find that there can be no truly complete book of running. Each begins his or her own book, and such is the runner's strange imperative to communicate that the shelves will soon be filling up with second-generation running books. Perhaps their editors will be a little tougher than Mr. Fixx'. END

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The Kodak Trimlite Instamatic® 28 camera has a sharp f/9.5 lens, electronic shutter, CdS meter for automatic exposure control and a low-light signal. It comes in a complete gift outfit with Kodak color film and flipflash—everything you need to take pictures on Christmas, and it is less than \$60.

The Trimlite Instamatic® 38 camera has all the features of the Trimlite 28 camera plus focusing for close-ups, a faster f/8 lens and a wider electronic shutter range from 1/225 of a second to 5 seconds. The gift outfit is less than \$73



## Kodak Trimlite 28 & 38 camera outfits



Both these Kodak cameras are also available in a KODAK Big Flash outfit with the new EKTACHROME II model A Electronic Flash. Prices are subject to change without notice.

Automatic exposure makes a better chance for better pictures. Here are some ideas:



If my son were Santa, he'd give himself a Kodak Trimlite 38 camera.



My daughter makes a pretty picture.



Look how close up you can get with the Kodak Trimlite 38 camera.



*Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"  
...to save Christmas in pictures.*



# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

## MEASURED MOVE

A number of New York jockeys, dissatisfied with the representation and the medical plan provided by the Jockeys' Guild, are considering joining the Toy and Doll Manufacturers Union.

## WINTER FORECAST

Here, for all those who suffered through the various ravages of last winter, is the early forecast for this winter by Dr. Jerome Namias, head of the Climate Research Group at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in La Jolla, Calif. He bases it on some 40,000 observations taken in the North Pacific the past two and a half months. The nation's weather depends in good part on what happens in the North Pacific. Last year a high-pressure ridge sat over the Pacific Coast, and storms were diverted north across Alaska and Canada, causing drought in the West, before they moved south to freeze the East.

These are Dr. Namias' regional forecasts.

**The West** "The pattern is entirely different from last year. Over the Pacific Northwest we will have normal or above normal rainfall and snow. I think the ski-resort people, the hydrologists and the agriculturalists will be happy."

**The Midwest** "Storms from the Pacific Northwest usually carry into the western and northern plains. Last year many of those storms hopped the area. If the storms come in from the Pacific Northwest as anticipated, the snow pack along the plateau should be enhanced and the plains will be chilly and wet, but variable. There should be good snow in the Rockies."

**The Great Lakes** "Buffalo is not likely to get buried again. The violent storms shouldn't be blowing across the Great Lakes as they did last year."

**The South** "Last year it was very cold because of the penetration of the bad winter from the North. This year the cold air will probably not penetrate so far south. Florida will be Florida again."

**The East** "There is no made-up prediction as yet," says Namias, who is keeping a weather eye on an unstable area over the North Atlantic. "Usually a bad break from warm to cold like we had last year means it is more likely to remain colder than average. I expect this will happen again. The East should have more than normal snow but it should not be as cold as it was last year."

## TABLE STAKES

Baseball's second reentry draft is causing all kinds of shock waves. The money is not flowing as it did last year, it is gushing. Last year, three free agents collected more than \$2 million each; this year, six players already have signed for that. The Rangers signed slugger Rachee Zisk to a \$3 million, 10-year contract and Pitcher Doc Medich to a \$1 million, four-year contract; the Yankees gave reliever Rich Gossage \$2.75 million for six years; the Red Sox gave Pitcher Mike Torrez \$2.5 million for seven years; the Angels signed Outfielder Lyman Bostock to a \$2.2 million, five-year contract; the Brewers gave slugger Larry Hise \$3 million for six years, and the Padres signed Oscar Gamble, a part-time outfielder, to a six-year contract worth \$2.8 million.

"It's unbelievable," says Dick Williams, the Montreal manager. "I don't think the talent is there the way it was a year ago." Joe Burke, general manager of the Royals, agrees. "I didn't think they would go for as much as two-thirds of what they went for last year," he says. "There were better players then."

Some clubs that stayed out of the bidding blame Brad Corbett, owner of the Rangers, for the escalating prices. "He's the reason the bidding got out of hand," says Burke. "Right away after the draft he was throwing around figures of \$3 million for five years. I don't think a guy like Gene Autry will go broke, but a guy like Corbett might." Bud Selig of the Brewers, who signed Hise, says, "We felt that circumstances forced us to. To have

to take a plunge like this every year would be economic suicide."

Bill Veeck, whose White Sox lost both Zisk and Gamble to the draft because he could not afford to keep them, says bravely, "It will make us hustle. The Angels spent more money than we did last year, and we competed with them all right on the field." But Veeck worries about how long the White Sox can remain competitive. "For a year or two maybe, we can think of some way to equalize the situation," he says, "but there will come a time, just as in table-stakes poker, when the preponderance of capital will ultimately win."

If Veeck is right—and he probably is—the main problem that faces baseball, as it attempts to shake the bugs out of the free-agent system over the next several years, will not be curtailing the players' appetite for money but restraining the seemingly insatiable desire of owners like Corbett to spend it.

## ALOHAI!

You can't be too careful when you're flying just a few feet above the water off the north shore of Oahu, where most of Hawaii's big-wave surfing is done. Wil-



liam H. Connelly was doing just that recently when along came a surfboard and hit his home-built biplane in the lower right wing.

That's Connelly's side of the story. Surfer Robert Fram's side is that he was trying to catch a wave when along came an airplane. As it approached, Fram says, he dived backward off his board, which flipped out of the water and hit the plane.

continued

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which was flying five feet above the surface.

Connelly claims he was about 20 feet up and that the surfer "threw" the board at him. But whenever the surfer did, FAA regulations prohibit flying lower than 500 feet over persons or property, and inasmuch as surfers are considered persons, Connelly stands to lose his license.

#### STALKING STAGG

Bear Bryant of Alabama expects to become the winningest college football coach in history in four more years. "I may take five," says Bryant, "but I believe we can do it in four." With his victory over Auburn last Saturday, Bryant now has 272 wins, 42 fewer than the record 314 of Amos Alonzo Stagg.

"I've been reluctant to talk about it," Bryant says, "and I swear I haven't been aware of this football record business. Charley Thornton [Alabama's sports information director] told me the other day that if I keep winning at the present rate, in four years I'll be the winningest coach in football. I talked with my staff about it, my wife and the university president, and if the good Lord's willing, I'm going to try it."

Not the winningest. Bear. For a look at the man who is, turn to page 36.

#### OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Officials at ABC and CBS might have some sleepless nights were they to read an internal memorandum sent to Representative Lionel Van Deerlin (D., Calif.), chairman of the House Subcommittee on Communications, which recently held hearings on the networks' involvement in sports. Prepared by Philip Hochberg, special counsel to the subcommittee, and Harry Shoshan, chief counsel, the 72-page memo includes the following points:

"ABC's sportscaster Howard Cosell apparently played a key role in the United States Boxing championships. First of all, Cosell played an apparent role in the business decision to move forward with the telecasts," [which were eventually taken off the air last April after exposure of kickbacks, phony fight records and rigged Ring ratings. Cosell had] "a number of run-ins" with associate producer Alex Wallau, who was the first to question records and ratings in the Don King promotion. After Wallau said that Tom Prater "had no right" to be in the tournament, Cosell called Angelo Dundee on

behalf of ABC, and Dundee assured him that Prater was "a good fighter." Dundee handled Prater. "When Wallau was taken off the telecasts in late February, it was made clear to him that it was because of his inability to get along with Cosell, although King had been pressuring ABC to take Wallau off the telecasts also."

Wallau considered his removal a demotion, but ABC gave him a \$10,000 bonus, a \$4,000 raise and permanent job status. Boone Arledge, ABC's President of News and Sports, denied the money was intended to silence Wallau—as does Wallau himself—but the memo says, "It seems appropriate for the subcommittee to turn over its files on this matter for FCC consideration."

Moreover, ABC's attempt to influence Pitt to play in the 1977 Sugar Bowl, which ABC televised, by giving the Panthers an extra TV date during the regular season, raises "serious anticompetitive questions" and "should be referred to the Justice Department."

"It appears . . . the public was misled" by CBS' so-called Winner Take All Heavyweight Championship of Tennis, in which each participant was "guaranteed large sums of money, win or lose." Here the conduct of Robert Wussler and Barry Frank, Wussler's successor as head of CBS Sports, is "highly questionable" and "cannot be excused."

Stay tuned.

#### HEISMAN SURPRISE

No matter who wins the Heisman Trophy this year, the odds are overwhelmingly against his ever being inducted into the Pro Football Hall of Fame. No player who has won the Heisman in the 42 years it has been awarded has made the pro hall, and there are more than twice as many inductees as Heisman winners. Among the latter who had notable pro careers but are not enshrined are Deak Walker, John David Crow, Alan Ameche, Paul Hornung and Billy Cannon.

Who is the most likely Heisman winner to be voted into the hall? It may be a question of who retires first, Roger Staubach, the 1963 winner, or O. J. Simpson, the best college player of 1968.

#### KEEP IT SHORT

On the agenda of this month's annual baseball meetings is a proposal to expand the playoffs from three-of-five games to four-of-seven, as in the World Series.

Players have objected to the five-game format ever since it was instituted in 1969. They say it puts too much pressure on them too soon after the regular season. Moreover, they maintain the playoffs are too short to determine genuine champions.

Nonsense. For one thing, the season is already too long. In response to just that criticism, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn this year shortened the break between the regular season and the playoffs from a week to two days. For another, imitating the Series would rob the playoffs of their special character: a level of tension that rarely exists in either the season or the Series.

#### CHRISTMAS IS COMING (CONT'D)

For the skier who has everything: a bottle of Château Aspen, melted snow from Colorado's vintage drought of last year, "Mis En Boutelles Au Mountain," from Snow Job Unlimited, Aspen, Colo., \$5.95 postpaid. For the baseball fan, an old seat from Tiger Stadium, \$5, from the Dynamic Construction Company of Detroit, which is renovating the park.

For the animal lover, a one-year adoption certificate as the sole foster parent of Bunker, a dolphin at the Brookfield (Ill.) Zoo, \$2,200, the annual cost of keeping Bunker in fish.

#### TAKE THE BAY TRAIN

In San Francisco, disgruntled 49er fans occasionally chant, "Bring back Monte Clark!" referring to the successful coach who was fired this year by the team's new owners. Now BART, Bay Area Rapid Transit, the local commuter railway, is using Clark in a TV commercial. In it, he says, "For the holidays, ride BART on Saturdays. Of course, BART doesn't work on Sundays." Then with half a smile and a little shrug, Clark adds, "Neither do I."

#### THEY SAID IT

● Al Davis, Oakland managing general partner on AFC superiority over the NFC: "The people who refuse to accept it remind me of those Japanese soldiers we keep finding on Pacific islands who won't believe the war is over."

● Birmingham Bulls owner John Bassett, on his six-month suspension by the World Hockey Association for signing underage junior star Ken Linenman: "I guess I'll call up Ted Turner and see if he needs another hand on his host."

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## WHAT A WAY TO WIND IT UP

*In rousing regular-season finales, Texas came away the big winner, but Oklahoma, Penn State and USC did themselves proud*







*Texas' Earl Campbell ran through the Aggies for 222 yards and three touchdowns. He also scored on a 60-yard pass to tighten his grip on the Heisman Trophy.*

For the moment at least, it's Texas. Let's hear no arguments out of Norman, Tuscaloosa, South Bend and those other campuses with teams sporting one black eye. Texas has none, having wound up its season undefeated, the nation's only perfect record. In a last furious weekend of college football, the Longhorns scored a convincing 57-28 victory over Texas A&M as a bunch of teams rooted for a miracle. Alabama and Oklahoma crushed Auburn and Nebraska. Arkansas and Penn State edged Texas Tech and Pittsburgh. Michigan and Notre Dame were home eating turkey.

All those teams might be where Texas is today but for a single slip. Sometimes a team with one loss might have a genuine claim to No. 1 over an unbeaten team, but this is not one of those years. Oklahoma? Lost to Texas. Arkansas? Lost to Texas. Alabama? Lost to Nebraska which lost to Oklahoma which lost to Texas. Penn State? Lost to Kentucky which lost to Baylor which lost to Texas. Notre Dame? Lost to Mississippi which lost to Alabama which . . . well,

we've been through that. Michigan? The Wolverines lost to Minnesota and, yes, the road winds back to Texas through Indiana, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

Come bowl time, the hopefuls get one last chance, especially Notre Dame. To finish the season as national champions, the Longhorns must beat the Irish in the Cotton Bowl. If they do not, hang on. Certainly Notre Dame will start waving index fingers. The winner of Oklahoma-Arkansas in the Orange Bowl will make loud noises. And there will be cries from the Sugar Bowl, too, if Alabama wins its game against Ohio State, which beat Minnesota, which . . .

Two other teams that often in the past have been deeply involved in such matters met last weekend, USC knocking UCLA out of the Rose Bowl—and knocking Washington in—with a last-second field goal. The game was not for No. 1, except in Los Angeles, but these two old rivals, despite their loss-studded 1977 records, had the satisfaction of playing the most dramatic game of this dramatic weekend.

CONTINUED



WINDUPS continued

## TEXAS 57, TEXAS A&M 28

On the eve of his most important game, against Texas A&M in the Hate Bowl at College Station, University of Texas Running Back Earl Campbell wants some peace. To this end, he is tactfully riding his dorm room of myriad followers. He locks the door, takes the phone off the hook, puts a rock group on the stereo, feeds his five goldfish and one catfish, then sets about answering a query as to how he got so good: "I don't drill on trying to be the best. I just expect to be." That sentiment warms the heart of his coach, Fred Akers, who likes to tell his players, "Seldom, if ever, do you exceed your own expectations."

Earl is one of 11 kids raised by a widowed mother in a plank shack on country road 492 near Tyler, Texas. He tried to improve his lot by hustling pool, which could earn him \$100 on a good night. "We're poor," says Campbell, "but we're rich in a lot of ways."

Today, Campbell's ledger shows him to be the nation's leading rusher with 1,744 yards, leading scorer with 114 points and the foremost candidate for the Heisman Trophy. Plus, he plays for this year's surprising No. 1-ranked and undefeated (11-0) team. After all, Texas

With Center Wes Hubert protecting him, Texas' Randy McEachern threw for four touchdowns

was 5-5-1 in 1976 and there seemed little hope for improvement in '77. Akers, in his first year as Texas' head coach, confesses a sane man would have thought a 7-4 prediction for this season extremely optimistic.

About this time a year ago Campbell was anything but an optimist. He was hurt (a hamstring injury, which caused him to miss most of six games), fat (more than 240 pounds) and toying with the idea of quitting football. Then a youngster at Austin's Mount Olive Baptist Church gave Campbell a sign that still hangs in his room: KEEP ME GOING, LORD.

Like an avalanche working its will on saplings, Campbell has kept going, running past, around but mostly over the opposition all year. With his remarkable combination of size, speed, strength and quickness, he is almost certainly one of the great running backs in college football history. "I just decided that this year I'm not settling for one guy tackling me," says Campbell, "and I really don't intend for two of 'em to get the job done."

Later in the evening Campbell goes to a team meeting where Akers dips into his bag of psychological tricks as he exhorts his squad. After carrying on about what a good team A&M is, how emotional the game will be, how hard-hitting, how important, Akers concludes, "But, gentlemen, it does not have to be close." Prophetic, that.

In the locker room at Kyle Field before the game the next day, Longhorn defensive star Brad Shearer reminds his teammates, "Never a lazy step." And Akers, noting the Aggies' pregame, precision marching show, says, "They've already done what they do best—march, hoot and holler. Now we're going out and do what we do best." He encourages players individually. An example: "Ricky Churchman, just go out there and be your normal, terrible, nasty, ornery self."

And there's a whispered conversation with Campbell:

"Earl, I really expect 170 yards out of you today."

"I'm ready," says Campbell.

Which proved to be an understatement. Texas ripped up the Aggies 57-28 in a game not nearly that close. Campbell mashed Aggie defenders for 222 yards rushing and three touchdowns, and caught a 60-yard touchdown pass in his

best game. The victory gave Texas the Southwest Conference title and the right to play Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl.

The Aggies stirred brief hopes when they took the opening kickoff and, fueled by 20 yards in penalties, got a touchdown on a seven-yard scamper by the fleet Curtis Dickey. That and a dazzling 60-yard kickoff return, also by Dickey, just about summed up A&M's day.

With 4:47 to go in the first quarter, the Horns hooked 'em with their first of eight touchdowns. Quarterback Randy McEachern sending three receivers to the right, running to the right, then arching a long pass down the left sideline to Campbell, who was alone behind the A&M defenders and romped in for the touchdown. The scoring play covered 60 yards. A couple of minutes later Campbell leaped four yards for another touchdown. Then Johnny (Ham) Jones, one of those rare backs who love to block, got a chance to carry and tallied on a five-yard run. McEachern, a third stringer at the start of the year, then connected on two touchdown passes to Split End Alfred Jackson.

At the intermission Campbell yelled, "How bad do we want it?" The roar that went up in the dressing room indicated that the Longhorns wanted it something awful. So Texas took the second-half kickoff on its 20 and proceeded on a five-play, 80-yard scoring drive like this: Campbell for 0, Campbell for 10, Campbell for five, Campbell for 59, Campbell for six. Then, on the first play of the fourth quarter, after A&M had threatened by scoring twice and pulling up to trail by only 40-28, Campbell rambled 23 yards for another touchdown with some more Akers words ringing in his ears: "Show 'em how far they have to go to be Southwest Conference champs." The final Texas points came on McEachern's fourth touchdown pass—which tied a 62-year-old school record for one game—to Johnny (Lam) Jones for 37 yards and a 48-yard field goal by Steve McMichael, filling in for the injured Russell Erxleben.

The Aggie scores included two one-yard plunges by George Woodard, who had a generally miserable day with only 81 yards in 25 tries, and an eight-yard run by Quarterback David Walker, who had conceded before the game. "We do wonder if we're going to stop Campbell, and if so, how," Aggie Linebacker Kevin Monk said there's only one way to

bring down Earl. "Grab, hold on and hope for help." One of Campbell's colleagues, Cornerback Glenn Blackwood, marvels, "I've never seen a guy who wants that extra half yard so badly. Every time."

On the bus rolling back to Austin, Campbell says, "I have to be honest. I am pretty well satisfied with my performance." Which shows what happens when a fellow exceeds his own expectations.

—DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

## OKLAHOMA 38, NEBRASKA 7

"It's a battle for the river or the beach," Barry Switzer was saying before the start of the Oklahoma-Nebraska game, the Big Eight's version of a heavyweight championship fight. The beach is in Miami, where the winner would get to play Arkansas in the Orange Bowl; the river is the Mississippi, which flows past Mem-

phis, home of the Liberty Bowl. The loser would go there to face North Carolina. Neither Switzer nor his counterpart at Nebraska, Coach Tom Osborne, wanted any part of the river. Especially Switzer who, since taking over as Sooners head coach in 1973, had never lost to the Cornhuskers. In fact, it's never been close. Oklahoma has won by 14 points or more each time.

"You don't dominate a school like Nebraska," says Switzer. "The program is too good to be dominated." Then, on Friday afternoon before a crowd of 71,184 in Norman, his marvelously quick Sooners went out and did just that, throttling Nebraska, 38-7.

On defense they took Nebraska's I. M. Hipp, who had been averaging well over 100 yards a game, and locked him in a closet, holding him to 33 yards. The Oklahoma offense was surprising in that it

was virtually fumble-free and at the same time predictable in that it was its usual relentless self, battering out 453 yards and 27 first downs. Quarterback Thomas Lott rushed for 143 yards. Halfback Elvis Peacock for 123.

"It was the offense that made us look so good," said Oklahoma defensive coordinator Larry Lacey later. "It kept us off the field." Indeed, not once did Nebraska begin a drive in Oklahoma territory.

The first time Nebraska got the ball it was forced to punt. No damage. The second time it had a pass intercepted. Still no damage. The third time it fumbled. School was out. Starting from their 35, the Sooners launched a nine-play scoring drive. Peacock going over from the two. On Oklahoma's next possession, Lott directed a 14-play, 80-yard touchdown march that ended with Peacock blasting over from a yard out, Oklahoma 14-0.

"When we fell behind that early," Osborne noted afterward, "we were taken out of what we wanted to do."

Which was run the ball. What they had to do was pass. Quarterback Tom Sorey shuffled a screen pass to I-back Rick Berns for a 10-yard gain, then hit Tight End Ken Spoeth cutting across the middle for 11 yards and into Sooner territory. Two plays later Sorey passed to Wingback Kenny Brown for 36 yards to the two, from where Berns bulldozed in to make it 14-7. A ball game.

But not for long. Taking the kickoff, the Sooners practically fled down the field. Lott twice fed Fullback Kenny King for 19 yards and Peacock once for 11. He kept the ball four times for 50 yards, the last 11 coming on a lonely touchdown sprint around right end that restored the 14-point lead.

After that there was only one moment when it seemed as if Nebraska might get back into it. Early in the second half King fumbled. Nebraska recovering at its 39. The Huskers moved to midfield, but then Hipp mishandled a low pitch and Oklahoma fell on the ball. Three minutes later Uwe von Schamann booted one from 45 yards out to make it 24-7 Oklahoma. The Sooners' two fourth-quarter touchdowns were merely adornments.

"This is the best team I've ever had here in Oklahoma," Switzer said after the game. "Nebraska was murder." That was charitable. Nebraska is going to the river. Switzer and Oklahoma are headed for the beach.

—MIKE DELL'NAGRO

CONTINUED

Elvis Peacock looked beautiful to Sooner roots as he scored twice against 11th-ranked Nebraska



**PENN STATE 15, PITT 13**

In the lightly falling snow at Pittsburgh it all came down to the final 12 seconds. In less than a minute Pitt's Matt Cavanaugh, for most of the afternoon frustrated and frozen, had completed three passes, the last to Split End Gordon Jones for 17 yards and a touchdown. That whittled Penn State's lead to 15-13, and the favored Panthers were preparing to go for two points and a tie. Across the field Penn State's Joe Paterno snapped on his headphones. Now was the time for the final masterful defensive strategy.

"Jerry," Paterno said, speaking into the mouthpiece to Jerry Sandusky, Penn State's defensive coordinator sitting in the press box, "what will they try?"

There was a moment of silence; then Sandusky answered, "I haven't got the slightest idea," he said.

What hung in the balance was no bowl bid. Pitt already had an invitation to the Gator Bowl, Penn State knew it was going to the Fiesta Bowl. The Nittany Lions and the Panthers played this one for the supremacy of the East, for the Lambert Trophy and for all the things that matter in a rivalry that dates back to 1893.

All week both sides had spoken of a game of pitch-and-catch, Cavanaugh against Penn State's Chuck Fusina, with enough flashy receivers on both sides to stock the Southeastern Conference. But Friday night, a severe cold front had moved in, dropping the temperature to 25°—25-mph winds created a wind-chill factor in Pitt Stadium at zero—and after that no one was sure what might happen.

On that cold note the game began with neither side wanting the ball. Penn State won the toss and elected to open with the wind at its back, giving the option of receiving the kickoff to Pitt. No thank you, Pitt said, choosing to kick off, and Fusina went right to work. In six plays he moved the Lions from their own 23 to the Pitt six, mostly by means of a third-down 48-yard pass to Flanker Jimmy Cefalo that put Penn State at the Pitt 20.

But, once at the six, Fusina ran into trouble. On third down he dropped back to pass, had to flee from Defensive End Hugh Green's charge and slipped and fell. In came Matt Bahr to salvage that setback with a 34-yard field goal.

It took Pitt longer to get rolling. But



Defensive back Mike Guman did double duty and surprised Pitt by scoring on a 52-yard punt return.

midway in the first quarter. Gordon Jones, a split end who also runs back punts, gathered one in at his 36, sped to his left, picked up a wall of blockers down the sideline and raced 43 yards to the State 21. Five plays later Cavanaugh dived over for the score.

After a Penn State punt, Pitt was back knocking on the door. Six plays put them at the Lion nine. Cavanaugh dropped back behind excellent protection and fired—right into the hands of Penn State Linebacker Ron Hostetler in the end zone. End of threat.

Following another Bahr field goal early in the second quarter and another Panther drive that was killed by an interception on the one, it was Penn State's turn to do a number with a punt. Usually Cefalo goes back as a single safety to return punts. And usually that is more than enough; he leads the nation with a 13.7 average. For Pitt, though, Paterno and his aides had decided something extra was demanded.

With Pitt punting from its 17, Defensive Back Mike Guman was back deep, along with Cefalo. Cefalo hauled in the punt at midfield, raced to his right and handed off to Guman, who as a tailback led the team in scoring last season. Guman twisted and jerked down the left sideline and went on to score to put State ahead 12-7.

Penn State fattened its lead midway

through the last quarter on Bahr's third field goal, this one from 20 yards out. And when Hostetler again intercepted Cavanaugh in the end zone with but 1:47 to play, Pitt's future seemed as bleak as the slaty sky.

But the Panthers were not dead. Using their time-outs and a stout defense, they forced Penn State to punt. Starting at his 48, Cavanaugh wasted no time putting the ball in the air. He hit Randy Reuterhan for 13 yards; then Flanker Willie Taylor for 22. An incomplete pass killed the clock with 16 seconds to play. This time Cavanaugh was not stopped by Hostetler. Dropping back, he connected with Jones for the touchdown.

That made it 15-13 with 12 seconds on the clock. Knowing only that Pitt was going for two, Penn State set up in one of its standard defenses. "It was no time to gamble and overload," Paterno said later. "We wanted to be everywhere, ready for everything."

In the huddle Cavanaugh called the veer option to the left, which gives him four options: give off to Elliott Walker diving over guard, pitch to his trailing back, pass or run.

Seeing that the Lion linebackers were playing soft and rolling with the option, Cavanaugh stuck the ball inside to Walker, who took one step left and dived. On the line Penn State Tackle Matt Millen saw Guard Jim Buoy shove his head to

the outside, read the key and wrapped up Walker a step short of the goal.

Millen looked down at Walker. "Nice game," was all he could think to say.

"But I didn't score," said Walker.

Millen nodded. Then he reached down, hauled Walker to his feet and hugged him.

And out in Tempe, Ariz. the Fiesta Bowl people hugged each other. They had just landed their first 10-1 top-ranked major college team. The way this season has gone, somebody had to get lucky.

—PAT PUTNAM

## USC 29, UCLA 27

It was the best game of the weekend, certainly. Probably the best game of the season. The drawback was that USC and UCLA had six losses between them, unusual for two teams which often have met and fought not only for the Pac-8 title and a trip to the Rose Bowl but also for the national championship. This time a victory would put UCLA in the Rose Bowl. USC was the spoiler, acting on behalf of Washington, which would make the trip south if the Trojans won.

UCLA led 10-0 after the first quarter, having scored on a field goal by Frank Corral and a one-yard bish by Theotis Brown after recovering a Charles White fumble on the USC three-yard line. When UCLA picked off a Rob Hertel pass early in the second quarter, it seemed as if the Bruins might run off by themselves, but USC-UCLA games rarely go that way. Seconds later USC intercepted Rick Bashore, and the tide began to flow the other way.

The Trojans marched 63 yards, and Frank Jordan—a name to remember—kicked a 25-yard field goal. Six minutes later the Trojans were back, scoring when Hertel flipped a short pass to William Gay at the 20, and the tight end made it to the end zone. When Jordan missed the extra point, UCLA led 10-9.

A short UCLA punt gave the Trojans the ball at the USC 48. In four plays they advanced to the Bruin 40. Then Hertel threw a scoring pass to Kevin Williams. A two-point conversion made it 17-10 with little more than a minute remaining in the first half.

USC seemed to have put the game away early in the second half when Hertel threw his third touchdown pass, the second caught by Williams. Jordan missed another conversion but atoned for it shortly after with a 36-yard field goal

that made it 26-10. The rout was on.

But this was USC-UCLA, glamour football, wide open. The Bruins took the kickoff and, realizing that they could not power their way through the Trojan defense, took to the air. Edging into USC territory, Bashore dropped back and hit Halfback James Owens for a touchdown. Now it was 36-17 USC.

UCLA had momentum. Corral booted another field goal early in the fourth quarter—26-20—and the Bruins got the ball back on their 20 with 11:07 left in the game.

The march was slow but steady. Bashore passed. He handed off. One time he kept, was trapped and squirmed for an impossible first down. With less than five minutes to go, the Bruins had a first down on the Trojan three. Three plays and two minutes later it was fourth down on the one. Time out. Bashore consulted with his coach, Terry Donahue.

When the clock started, Bashore rolled right on a run-pass option. Hemmed in, he found Tight End Don Pederson in the end zone and hit him for a touchdown. The conversion put UCLA ahead 27-26 with 2:51 to play.

Having squandered a 16-point lead, USC then put together a march that would have done credit to Johnny Unitas. The runs were wide so that the backs could get to the sidelines, stopping the

clock. So were the pass routes. USC did commit one mental error, using its last time-out when the clock had already stopped. But it got a break when pass interference was called against the Bruins at the UCLA 40. One play later Randy Simmin made a circus catch, and the Trojans had the ball at the UCLA 23.

Two plays later, with 24 seconds left and the ball on the 19, USC's Mose Tatupe ran for no gain toward the middle of the field to position the ball for a field-goal attempt. The field-goal unit raced in. Clock moving, UCLA taking their time getting up. Scrambling against time—12 seconds—lining up for the field goal—11 seconds—something Jordan, Center Mike McDonald and holder Mike Carey—10 seconds—had practiced many times—nine seconds. Jordan placed his tee—eight seconds—quickly at the Bruin 28—seven seconds—and as Carey flicked a hand for the snap—five seconds—Jordan moved forward.

Even as the ball was in the air, Jordan leaped almost as high. At the same time distraught UCLA defenders threw themselves to the ground. Two seconds left. USC the winner 29-27.

And so Washington will go to the Rose Bowl to meet Michigan, USC will take on Texas A&M in the Bluebonnet Bowl and UCLA will wish them both a Happy New Year.

—JACK TORIN

*It looked even colder than this to the Panthers when Penn State stopped Elliott Walker's conversion run*



# HEAVY TRUCKIN' ON BOURBON STREET

Way down yonder in New Orleans they've got dreamy dreams of the playoffs now that the Jazz has Len (Truck) Robinson, who leads the NBA in rebounding, scores a bunch and keeps the Pistol happy, more or less by JOHN PAPANKE

A visitor suddenly confronted by the Louisiana Superdome looming against the New Orleans skyline can be excused for feeling that at any moment, with a colossal roar and a blaze of colored lights, the thing will slowly rise and streak into outer space. The Dome does not seem to belong on the ground, it looks rather as though it were merely waiting for the arrival of some spare part from the planet Trafalmore.

The Dome hasn't taken off yet, but last week it was beginning to rumble. The Jazz—which three years ago was sputtering along at a 5-44 clip and threatening to eclipse all those wonderful mem-

ories of the early Cleveland Cavaliers and the 9 and 73 Philadelphia 76ers—had won its third and fourth straight, over Indiana and Denver. Since the Jazz had opened the season with a 5-1 spurt, the victories boosted its record to 10-8.

There is definitely something going on under the Dome. The team's promotions people call it "Jazzmatazz," which means, among other things, psychedelic posters and a soaring new jazz-rock theme written by the noted Creole composer Allen Toussaint. Why all the commotion? For the first time since the Jazz gave up two years' worth of No. 1 draft choices plus half the French Quar-

ter to get Pete Maravich from Atlanta in 1974, the Pistol has a buddy on the bandstand. Help has arrived. Not in a spaceship but in a truck, as in Leonard (Truck) Robinson.

The Truck is best remembered as "the other guy" on those All-Star Washington Bullets (Phil Chenier, Wes Unseld and Elvin Hayes) when they performed one of the NBA's great fold-up acts, losing the 1975 championship series 4-0 to Golden State. Robinson signed with the Jazz as a free agent in June, having played out his option in Atlanta after being traded to the Hawks by the Bullets midway through last season.

Robinson has not only turned New Orleans around, he has stood New Orleans on its ear. Through last week he was scoring 23 points per game, which is 10 more than any Jazzman other than Maravich has ever averaged over a whole season. He was also leading the entire NBA in rebounding with a per-game average of 16.3 and games of 24, 25 and 27. This is a remarkable feat, given the fact that Robinson, although he weighs 240 pounds, stands a mere 6' 6" and does not play center, as have all but three rebound leaders in the 27 seasons the NBA has kept such statistics. At the moment Robinson's only close competitor is Boston's Dave Cowens with 15.4. The Lakers' injured Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, top rebounder in '75-'76 and second to Bill Walton last season, is due to reenter the race soon. But, says Robinson, "I've got a pretty good head start on that dude." He also has a fair head start on Walton, who is averaging 12.2.

With Robinson and Centers Rich Kelley and Joe C. Meriweather, the Jazz is the third best rebounding team in the NBA, which means that the ball often gets out to Pistol Pete, who is running and gunning at a 27-point clip—not too far behind his pace-setting 31.1 of last season—and scuffling with Denver's David Thompson for the league scoring lead. His other teammates are Forwards Aaron James and Nate Williams plus Guards James McElroy and Gale Goodrich, fully recovered from Achilles surgery and

A muscular 6' 6", 240 pounds, Robinson does the rugged work that makes life easier for Maravich



averaging 13.6 points off the bench.

It is ironic that on a team built around the nonpareil Maravich, the 26-year-old Robinson should turn out to be the savior. But by the end of last season the Jazz was in turmoil. Coach Butch van Breda Kolff had been fired and replaced by Elgin Baylor. General Manager Barry Mendelson, under pressure for having sold out the Jazz' future for Maravich and (later) Goodrich—seven first-round draft choices were either traded outright or conditionally swapped to Los Angeles and Atlanta—was dismissed by owner Sam Hattisstone. And the franchise was in danger of crumbling because Maravich, understandably tired of wasting his talents with relative nonentities, demanded a new contract. In a panic Hattisstone rehired Mendelson as vice-president and gave the general manager's job to 34-year-old Lewis Schaffel, an agent who represented 32 NBA players, thus effecting an astonishing switch from one side of the negotiating table to the other.

Schaffel's top priority was to keep Maravich in New Orleans. But even before he began talking money, Maravich stipulated that the Jazz sign at least one first-rate front court man—which was one more first-rate front court man than the Jazz ever had. Maravich's list of candidates included Detroit's Bob Lanier, Golden State's Jamaal Wilkes and Robinson. Wilkes had long since said he wanted to go to Los Angeles, and Lanier had as much as said he would prefer playing in a leper colony to playing behind a white superstar in the South. Schaffel had no trouble figuring what he had to do.

He offered Robinson a five-year, \$1.5 million deal, or \$225,000 more per year than the initial offer Robinson had from Atlanta GM Mike Stoen. "Stoen wanted to shop me around," says Robinson. "See how much I was worth before he made me a serious offer. That hurt. Atlanta was my team. I wanted to stay." Not surprisingly, Truck very shortly was gone from Atlanta. And so, incidentally, was Stoen, fired by owner Ted Turner for, among other things, bungling his end of the Robinson case.

In August a happy Maravich signed a contract providing him with \$2.5 million over five years. There were, to be sure, some minor casualties. As compensation for signing Robinson the Jazz lost Forward Ron Behagen to Atlanta. And they lost E. C. Coleman, their stellar defensive forward, through free agency to

Golden State, though they chose a first-round draft choice in return.

None of that matters to Maravich, who is truly happy to be playing in New Orleans with Truck. "He is exactly what this team has never had," says the Pistol. "Consistency up front. On certain nights he's just devastating. We need rebounds to run, and we need to run to win. If Truck is sick or doesn't feel like playing on a particular night, we're in trouble."

Still, the Jazz has always been, and will remain, Maravich's team. He can get 50 points almost any night he chooses. But at 29 he has still not gotten over his occasional bratty habits of crying to officials, ignoring open men to shoot from 25 feet or screaming at less talented teammates when his often miraculous passes bounce off their faces.

Last week, during a 123-108 laughter over Indiana, Kelley stunned everyone on the floor by yelling at Maravich after he carelessly threw a pass out of bounds. "Run the goddamn play through, Pete."

Then, a few weeks ago, with the Jazz in the throes of an 0-5 road trip, Maravich was accused in the papers by an unnamed teammate of "not making sacrifices" and further criticized for getting "shut down" in a three-point loss to the Knicks in New York. In that game he made only four of 20 shots and refused to shoot in the tight fourth quarter.

Back under the Dome two nights later, Maravich played the martyr. "If they want me to sacrifice, I'll sacrifice," he said. He shot five times, passing up even uncontested layups. He made four field goals and handed out 15 assists as the Jazz beat Seattle 127-116 to snap the slump. But the boos that accompanied this performance ended Pete's sulk. A win at Houston followed, with the Pistol hitting 19 of 33 for 39 points.

Against Indiana last week Robinson and Kelley all but shattered the backboards. Truck ripped down 11 rebounds in the first period, 22 in the game, and scored 28 points, while Kelley had 19 rebounds and Maravich tossed in a routine 34 points.

On Thanksgiving night 14,448 fans saw the Jazz engage Denver in a no-defense, wild-turkey shootout. Trailing 129-127 with nine seconds left the Jazz worked the ball to Robinson, who swished a 20-footer over Bobby Jones to tie the score. Then, as the Nuggets' Brian Taylor brought the ball up for the last



When he's in the mood, Maravich can pour it in

shot, McElroy slapped it away and Maravich glided home with the winning layup as time elapsed. A 28-point, 16-rebound game for Robinson, 17 rebounds for Kelley, 31 points for Pistol Pete.

Even before the excitement died down, the Jazz cast hungry glances at the 70,000 seats theoretically available to them in the Superdome and were heard to whisper the word "playoffs." The Dome is already the site of the largest crowd in NBA history (27,383 against Philadelphia last year) and the league's cheapest ticket (\$1.50), and one team official said that crowds upward of 40,000 might not be too much to expect for future dates with Philadelphia and Portland. Burbled P.A. announcer Bob Longmire, who doubles as the team's sales director, "Can anyone possibly imagine what would happen to this place if we really got 40,000 people in here?" Yes, the Dome would take off for sure. **END**

# GRASSHOPPERS BEWARE, HERE THEY COME!

*First there were the hordes of tiny girls and then Jan Merrill set out to defend her AAU cross-country title at the San Bernardino nationals* **by KENNY MOORE**

The AAU senior women's cross-country race is a high-stakes event, as things go in the sport. Prizes for the first six finishers in last Saturday's run in San Bernardino, Calif. were trips to Glasgow for the world championship next March. But because the AAU conducts its age-group races along with the open nationals, the seniors competed in an atmosphere richly leavened by kids. Some 500 7- to 13-year-olds joined their elders in racing

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPIDGE





over soft green turf and sandy desert trails on the campus of Cal State at San Bernardino, filling the air with squeals about sideaches and cotton mouth, dusty ankles and grasshoppers. And when the kids' races were over, two gifted senior runners joined to produce a magnificent race, a duel which demonstrated that the best women run as hard—if not as fast—as is humanly possible.

The courses ranged from a mile for

the 9-year-olds-and-under to three miles for the senior women. All began at the same place, a broad lawn beneath an airy wood of eucalyptus and alder. One tree was only four yards from the start, prompting a 12-year-old standing behind it to say, "Sure, I promised my coach I'd run through a brick wall for him, but I never said anything about trees."

The seniors watched the younger racers for evidence of the course's subtle traps, its 260-foot rise over a mile and a half in the middle portion, its energy-sapping sod and sand. The kids' races all began in the timeless fashion of cross-country, with yells and sprints for position. The sprints were furious and the shouts were high-pitched, as though great

continued



Taking off in a high-spirited sprint, the 12- and 13-year-olds (left) provided a preview to the main event, in which Merrill defeated Kathy Mills in a dazzling duel.



*Perhaps happy that it was all over, or possibly sorry to see it end, the little runners in the age-group events reacted just like the big runners*



treefuls of starlings—or an exaltation of larks—had taken flight at once. On the course, the girls bobbed through smoky gray brush, past places thick with the sinus-clearing odor of mesquite and sage, always running inside a corridor of string to which blue ribbons had been tied. From the farthest reaches of the course, distinct cheers marked the leaders' passage. "Be the national champ, Tami!" was one, echoing faintly off into the San Bernardino Mountains. (Tami Durr, unattached, won the 14-15 race.) As the runners rounded the last turn, the finish line was clearly delineated, for Wilt Chamberlain rose up there in a shining blue tank top, timing, encouraging, recalling his childhood. He had run cross-country for Overbrook High School in Philadelphia, never making the top five. "Track and field is my greatest love," he said, "and distance runners enjoy my greatest respect. Lord, I know how they feel."

Trailing each girls' race was Bob Hickey, an L.A. policeman. He ran just behind the last runner, collecting the finish tags of dropouts so officials could know that the course was clear. This naturally put Hickey right next to the runners in greatest distress. "Why does he always make those girls cry?" said Chamberlain. Behind the starting line an enormous picnic developed, with coaches and parents setting up lawn chairs, spreading out blankets and opening coolers. Typical runner talk filled the time between races.

"My folks are such health freaks," said one 13-year-old. "We have fruit and nuts by the ton, but never any sugar in the house. You can never bake anything."

"So is my dad," said her companion. "My brother bought a jar of mayonnaise and my dad made him throw it away."

"My littlest girl got 14th in the 12-13 race," said one coach. "She's happy but she's so dry that she can't talk. Her poor vocal cords are just seared shut. I think she wants to call home, but what good would that do? It'd sound like the last whisper of a dying man."

Laura Craven, 12, of the Scioto Track Club of Columbus, Ohio, won the two-mile for 12- and 13-year-olds. Down the grassy approach to the finish, she ran through what appeared to be a lawn sprinkler but in fact was a spray of dancing grasshoppers. "Forget my award, just give me water," she said. "I was really concentrating. Nothing was going to bother me, not even grasshoppers."

That was the mood of the seniors as

well. The defending champion, Jan Merrill, now a junior majoring in math at Connecticut College in New London, warmed up for her usual hour and a quarter. Forty-nine days earlier her appendix had been removed, and this was to be her first hard race since. "She has excellent recovery," said her coach, Norm Higgins, as he watched her do repeated 100-yard strides. "We were cautious. We waited four more days after the doctor said it was O.K. for her to run. First we did hikes. Then jogging. I told her I was reminded of Abebe Bikila, who won the 1964 Olympic marathon only 40 days after an appendectomy."

Merrill set the women's world record of 15:37.0 in the 5,000 in West Germany last summer, and was so impressive in the World Cup 3,000—she broke the American record by 8.3 seconds with an 8:46.6—that normally she would have been favored to win last week's race almost before the stitches were out. But this year, Kathy Mills of Penn State has begun to show an awesome talent. Only 19, Mills won the AIAW meet in Austin, Texas by 34 seconds. Earlier, in a Seattle road run, she defeated 10,000-meter world-record holder Peg Neppel. Yet Mills did not exactly ooze confidence as she sat in the shade and watched Merrill jog and stride. "I don't think I'll win," she said. "If I can just make the international team I'll be happy, really happy." She had trained in San Bernardino all week and had given in to a persistent vice. "I bought a turtle—and my parents will just die. I'm always trying to get animals into the house."

"I don't think anyone will stay with those two," said Doris Brown Heritage, though she meant to try. Twice an Olympian, Heritage had won this race four times in a row through 1971. She is now 35, coaches at Seattle Pacific and is a member of every conceivable AAU and Olympic committee board. "I can barely run," she said. "I hurt my back and haven't been able to train."

Julie Brown of the L.A. Naturite Track Club, who was second to Merrill last year, did not compete. She developed a stress fracture of the tibia before the AIAW championship, tried to run anyway, and was carried from the course.

A field of 180 women started the open race. It was 86°, dry and uncommonly clear. After sweeping through the trees without mishap, Mills and Merrill went right to the front. They pulled away from

continued

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all pursuers, who were headed by Cindy Bremser of the Wisconsin T.C. and Heritage. Down a corridor of green pines, Merrill took the lead. Mills stayed on her shoulder, running with a slightly longer stride and more arm movement than Merrill. Her expression was one of apprehension. "I guess you'd have to say my main sensation in races is fear," she said later. As they headed up the rising sandy path, Merrill shot ahead by five yards, looking fresh and strong. "I was focused, trying to run the best I could," she said. "In all the crowd, I heard only my coach."

Some 600 yards later, Mills had caught Merrill. Now it was clear that this would be a terrific race. Ninety yards behind them, Heritage moved into third, but she was running with a strangely arched back. Her face was pale, her eyes shut tight for long stretches.

Reaching another dusty uphill, Merrill again surged away from Mills. When they hit soft sod beside the campus bookstore, Mills closed right back up on her. "She kept bursting out and then slowing down," said Mills. "I figured I'd let her do what she wanted and run my own pace." With 800 yards to go, Merrill slowed and Mills passed her. "People were shouting at both of us," said Mills. "I knew that she was right there." Mills reached the last 120 yards with a five-yard lead. Then Merrill came on, lifting. "I could have kept going at that pace for a lot longer," said Mills, "but I just couldn't think how to sprint." Merrill passed her with 70 yards to go and won by 20 yards in 16:54.4. In the final steps she forced a smile, but her breath was raspy and she almost fainted in the chute.

Julie Shea of North Carolina State was third, 16 seconds behind Mills. Bremser held off Judy Graham of the West Valley T.C. for fourth, and said, "That was a killer. I wanted to quit that one so bad." Sixth was Brenda Webb of the Knoxville T.C. And Heritage? She faded badly over the last mile, stumbled in eighth and immediately swayed into unconsciousness. Officials carried her through the chute, her toes dragging. A few minutes later, her feet elevated, her neck cradled in ice, she came to. "I don't remember that last 880," she said. "Every time my knees started to buckle, I'd just try to straighten them out."

"Doris is a nail," said a friend. "When she goes down, you know the conditions are getting close to the danger zone."

In a few minutes she was up and jubilant at having led her Falcon T.C. of Seattle to second place in the team standings behind Iowa State.

Of the first dozen finishers, Mills seemed the least exhausted. "Three miles is maybe a little short for me," she said. "It doesn't seem right, kind of, to be up there battling for the lead, not when it's with Jan Merrill."

Merrill warmed down with still more bursts of rapid striding. While Higgins watched her, he discussed a protest that he had filed against having the first quarter mile go through all those trees. "We had the best runners in the U.S. here," he said, "and we took a chance on them being injured." Higgins also was hoarse from shouting for Jan. "You know, I only see one runner out there," he said.

Merrill joined him. She was pleased

with her run, saying it was good to have another Eastern girl up there, adding, "It is the first time I ever blacked out at the finish."

Higgins looked at the hills. The clear afternoon light was being altered by a cloud of smog from the west, held at bay until now by a light easterly breeze. "That's what cross-country is," he said. "The idea is giving everything you have. It doesn't matter if you win or not. If you've gone all out, it is something from which nobody goes away unsatisfied."

As Merrill and Higgins walked off, they crossed one of the paths. It had an odd texture, accentuated now by the lengthening shadows. The pattern had been made by hundreds of waffle-soled running shoes. On it were several squashed grasshoppers, the final, transient details of a wholly gratifying event.

END



Listen, big man, I know this is how Jan Merrill got her start, but I wish you'd stop pushing me

# 'I DON'T DATE ANY WOMAN UNDER 48'

George Halas of the Chicago Bears said that. He also said, "Never go to bed a loser" and "I'm a firm believer in roughage." Which may be how he got to be an unflagging 62 and why his "Typical Days" are booked solid until April 1

by FRANK DEFORD

The old warrior fights his battles from a desk now, but he is there all day every weekday and half a day Saturday, the way everybody in America worked when the warrior was in his prime. And not puttering around, you understand—working. Dressed in a snappy shirt and a flashy tie, with a short zippered coat we used to call an Eisenhower jacket (one thinks of Skycaps now), he means business. His eyes are clear, his jaw juts and his memory is unimpaired, which is the euphemism employed in print to mean he still has all his marbles. George S. Halas still has all his marbles.

Of course, as we know, it's a young man's game, sports. And Papa Bear is 82, going on 83. Eighty-two, for Pete's sake. Eighty-two and still at it. George Halas is even older than George Burns, and George Burns is the oldest man in the world. "First of all," says Papa Bear, "I wouldn't know about old, because I'm not old. I have only one rule: I don't date any woman under 48." He actually said "date." He has outlived a loving wife and then a steady girl, and he has outlasted all the other ancient symbols of sports.

Sports used to abound with grand old men who grew with their games: Mister Mack, Colonel Mait, Aamos Alonzo Stagg, Sunny Fitz and Old Cuse are gone, too; the Masters' maestro, Clifford Roberts, blew his brains out the other day. Tom Yawkey, Phil Wrigley and Tony Hulman of the Indy 500 have left us. They pulled the Baron, Adolph Rupp, kicking and screaming, from his bench, and they shot Jack Dempsey's restaurant out from under him. It's a young man's game. It has been 10 seasons now since Papa Bear stopped coaching, but he is the only grand old man left at his desk, working every day and half a day Saturday.

To be sure, a couple of youngsters, Jim Finks and Jack Pardee, actually run the Bears, and Halas' son and son-in-law head up the office. But the old man is on

top of things. He is still heard from. For the purposes of this account, just so there wouldn't be any misconceptions, he prepared a detailed account of his quotidian activities. It is entitled "Outline of Typical Day—Geo. S. Halas," and it runs to four typewritten pages. It lists all the things Papa Bear does as Chairman of the Board of the Chicago Bears, as President of the National Conference of the NFL and in his numerous civic and charitable capacities. From time to time he provides helpful commentary. Listen, not everybody's a quick study, like Sid Luckman. "Why, I used to call Sid up at 11:30 Monday night with all the plays for the next game," says Papa Bear, "and the next morning he could rattle them all off to me. And you know why? Because he worked hard and he was sharp as a tack."

Here are some samples from "Typical Day."

#### "Financial Matters

"Responsible for investing all club monies—Therefore, each morning get current financial picture—Bankers, Brokers, Publications. . .

#### "Interviews

##### "In Person

"Telephone—These are taped—Calls are from coast to coast. All calls are logged. Each day is heavy . . .

##### "Correspondence

"Every day is heavy. Runs the gamut of all subjects. Other than letters pertaining to business, my correspondence is from all ages. From people in all walks of life—some from inmates of penal institutions—people with problems, etc. etc. . .

"Try to keep current with reading material.

"Attempting to write my autobiography."

Apropos of the latter, it all seems like only yesterday. Events of, say, 1909 or 1932 are recalled as clearly as those of Tuesday past. References to the present Bears, whoever they are, are trotted out

in the same tone employed for the tales of Red Grange or Bronko Nagurski. Moreover, because Papa Bear has an extraordinary ability to recall all street addresses he has ever visited in "Ellanoy" (the state Chicago is located in), his discourse has a distinct tour-guide ring. It is distracting, in the same way the Old Testament would be if it were studied



In 1920 Halas was in Canton, Ohio with his



with such workaday postal minutiae: 84 North Pharaoh Court, Horeb; 2163 Tabernacle Blvd., Jericho; and so on.

Also, whatever Papa Bear thinks of Chicago sports journalism, he has been reading it for so long that his speech has taken on the properties thereof. In Halasian argot, people of all ages really do hail from all walks of life; America, a football hotbed, is that part of God's green earth which stretches from coast to coast; one's heart goes out to the less fortunate; athletics formulate character, as they have produced the stars of yesteryear, and have also given us the stars of today (the Bears themselves are coming of age under Finks, who is as sharp

as a tack). Then, too, Halas can communicate in other subcultures when that is required, e.g., "Forget the roll-overs. I'm just interested in the Double A, with a minimum of eight and a quarter." Not for nothing was Papa Bear also known as the Bland Bohemian. Maybe this is how you get to 82, memory unimpaired.

It is easy to forget that this man across the desk is a certified institution. Papa Bear was tackled by Jim Thorpe and struck out by Walter Johnson. He played six games in right field for the Yankees in 1919 (the Babe settled in that very reality the next season), and Halas was also there in Canton, Ohio, sitting on a running board in a Hupmobile showroom

on Sept. 17, 1920 when pro football was created. It was a Friday, one of the last things to be created in just one day. And this fellow across the desk was right there, live. Then Papa Bear won 326 games, 12 more than Stagg, more than anyone in the history of the pros or the colleges. He is the only man Vince Lombardi would embrace and one of the few he would call Coach.

Coach, what makes a good coach?

"Complete dedication," Papa Bear declares straightaway. And another surprise: "He must know football." Hmmm. "And he must apply himself. And he must have the right temperament."

Which is what?

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLD



*Decatur Staillys when what is now the NFL was born. As a coach he won 326 games, 12 more than Stagg, and more than anyone in the pros or colleges*



*Halas finds time in his busy schedule to scout the Monday night TV games, and he exercises every morning. On Sundays he watches the Bears alone, far removed from his old sideline haunts*

"I don't know. I just knew my own." Which was what?

"I liked to win and I fought for everything in the book. Nothing else mattered." Pause. "That's all."

#### "Autographing"

"Cards, pictures, magazine articles, books, old programs—these are sent in. Then the usual requests for autographed pictures and footballs. (These requests, again, come from people of all ages, in all walks of life.) . . .

"Unless I have an appointment for lunch, my lunch is brought in. At this time, I read *The Wall Street Journal*, Kiplinger and Janeway."

Coach Halas has lived virtually all his days in Chicago, starting at 1850 South Ashland Ave. He was born in 1895, when Grover Cleveland was President. It is hoary journalistic custom to certify American antiquity by citing the President in office at the subject's moment of birth. This tradition is exceeded in uselessness only by the one wherein the size of a distant patch of earth is identified as being equivalent to the size of a couple of disparate states. Thus, for example, Yemen is equal to Nebraska and Virginia put together, which they are not. George Halas is the age of Senator Joseph Biden, Tatum O'Neal and Billie Jean King put together. Think about it that way.

His birth date is Feb. 2, which is Groundhog Day or, on the Roman Catholic calendar, Candlemas; in either case, Feb. 2 is the first official day for looking ahead to spring planting—surely, a felicitous day to be born.

Halas' father was an immigrant tailor, from Pilsen in what is now Czechoslovakia, but in Halas' Chicago pretty near everybody was an immigrant, and he recalls no discrimination. Of his childhood, Halas volunteers these three things, in order: 1) the addresses where he lived, 2) the observation, "That's where I learned to work," and 3) detailed recollections of playing games and attending them—most especially watching *Tinker to Evers to Chance* at the old Cub Park, which was located at the corner of Polk and Wood ("Very few people remember that").

Then there was college—he lettered in football, baseball and basketball at the University of Illinois—followed by the Great War and the season of baseball. The rest is pro football. And for a fact,

*continued*

# ♪ Introducing the wagon that has America singing. ♪

You guessed it.

After all, you don't find people singing about ordinary wagons. Just extraordinary ones. Which, we modestly propose, is precisely the category the 1978 Plymouth Volaré wagon fits into.

Reason number one is the most obvious. That cavernous space you see below. Where those kids could lug home about 60 bushels of shells, or fish, or something else suitably exotic. (Parental guidance suggested.)

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### Kodak Carousel projectors



*Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"*  
...to save Christmas in pictures.



the early years of Halas and his Bears are the early history of the game itself. Halas, six feet and 170 pounds, played end and was known for his toughness and skill, as well as for his eloquence in the illegal use of the hands. He was coach from the team's inception—the first year as the Decatur Staleys, the second as the Chicago Staleys, then the Bears in 1922, and soon, in legend, the Monsters of the Midway. Papa Bear and the Monsters of the Midway!

In 1925, in league with the storied promoter Cash and Carry Pyle, Halas signed Red Grange and toured the land, coast to coast, 18 games in two months. It did not make pro football in the U.S., but at least it dented some consciousness. Some. "I always enjoy animal acts," President Coolidge said when he was introduced to Messrs. Halas and Grange of the Chicago Bears.

It was Halas who brought the T formation to the pros. Also daily practices, assistant coaches, press-box spotters, training camps, films, the first pro marching band and the first pro fight song, *Bear Down, Chicago Bears* With George Preston Marshall, the truculent chief of the Redskins, Halas usually fought tooth and nail, but in rare moments of concord they worked to introduce a championship game to the NFL; they produced a more exciting passing game, too; and they had the goalposts advanced to the goal line to boost the offense.

Papa Bear was occasionally out of tune. In the '34 championship, on a frozen field, the Giants donned sneakers at halftime and slipped away from the exasperated Bears. A few years later Halas perceived unlimited substitution as a potential evil, and he warned the brethren that it would "take all the fun out of the game." Luckily, this time the other owners did not heed the admonitions of the old 60-minute man, and thus were platoons platooned and money coined.

But Papa Bear sees no flies on the game today. Oh sure, if pressed he agrees that here and there you might chance upon an owner who is a tad selfish, but otherwise, hear this: "Football! First, you've got competition! You've got to be alert to play it! You've got to be sharp! The stars of yesteryear had a great desire to play, and they set the pace for modern-day football, that fine brand of football that you see on the field today! And we know it's got appeal! Why, it's the great-

continued

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est game there is! You've got action! And it's a spectacular! It's—"

Maybe just a wee bit violent? Is it really necessary for quarterbacks to be maimed at the rate of Ugandan cabinet ministers? (This unseemly intrusion from a captious and ill-bred caller.)

"It's a violent game, sure," Halas goes on, suffering fools, "but it's just that kind of game! It's always been violent! But it's not dirty! No, football's not a dirty game! We haven't come anywhere near to its zenith!"

Papa Bear sits back for the moment, spent from delivering this encomium for his game, his love. The office is a fair representation of what football has been in his life. It is done largely in gridiron green. Save for two volumes of *Who's Who* and another testifying to *The Joys of Wine*, every book—200 or more—appears to be about football. On a shelf there is one framed exhortation—"Never Go to Bed a Loser," it says. George S. Halas said that and lives by it.

And across the way there is a long sofa where he naps every afternoon. This is no concession to the years. Papa Bear has always napped every day. Not for him three-martini lunches, or rich, starchy foods. "All those younger coaches always wondered where I got my energy," he chuckles, relishing the memory. Eleven, 12 o'clock midnight, they'd be yawning and bleary-eyed, while Papa Bear, fresh as a daisy, would be ready to dial Luckman with the plays.

What was your greatest satisfaction, Coach?

"The 73 to nothing," he replies directly, sure that no elaboration is required. The numbers are sufficient. It is probably the most famous score in American sports. When you think about it, very few scores are remembered. What was the score of Don Larsen's perfect game? Of the Super Bowl just last January? Name any basketball score in history; surely, not even Jerry Lucas can pull that off. But everybody knows 73-0, the Bears

conquering the hated Redskins in the 1940 NFL championship game 73-0. The Monsters of the Midway! Incarnate.

The Bears won the title again the next year, in Pearl Harbor month, and in '43 when Halas was Commander Papa Bear, and in '46 when he was back from the war, 51 years old. But thereafter, the Bears declined, drifting most years in the horse latitudes of mediocrity. Halas took his third respite from coaching in 1956-57, but he returned by personal demand. The Chicago press always remained in his corner, but this time he was scarred by whispers and innuendo: he was too old; it had passed him by; he was a miser, too patronizing of the players; he was blindly loyal to the family and old cronies who rattled about the Bear payroll.

Some of this was all too true, but probably these grumblings dog anyone who stays in one place for so long. As consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, so, too, does it sustain the steadfast soul.

*continued*

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And loyalty. What would we expect of someone who spent his whole life at the same stand—the migratory qualities of Elizabeth Taylor?

Then, too, there is something about Halas' hometown that nurtures—or countenances—these virtues. Chicago is, after all, the second largest city in the U.S., but for all its size it is curiously contained. It never makes waves across the land, as New York and Los Angeles do. In a way, Chicago is not an end in itself but only a huge crossroads, which, throughout history, Indians, cattle, gangsters, conventioners, trains and airplanes soon enough have stumbled upon. Merely because of its convenient central location, all sorts of national publications, such as this one, are printed in Chicago. The New Yorker, of all things, is printed in Chicago. Type is set there. But these magazines are not conceived in Chicago, not written there, not affected by the place, any more than are America's networks or fashions or mores.

Hence, local figures can grow to large proportions in Chicago while rarely casting long shadows nationally. The sagas of such diverse creatures as Mayor Daley, Colonel McCormick of the Tribune and George S. Halas are not that dissimilar.

So Chicago was just the ticket for Papa Bear and, save for the odd world war, he has never really been away from the Windy City, nor it from him. After he came back from the Navy in 1945, he did not age so much as he fell out of joint with the times. There was nothing in the immigrant tailor's son to prepare him for the relaxed days of peace and prosperity. Here was a fellow who had played a football game with a broken jaw, who had threatened to slug affable Art Rooney of the Steelers over a lousy \$500 dispute, who, a friend once said, "believes that if you haven't got anything to do, you ought to be at your office doing it."

He still thought it a point of honor to fight for everything in the book, but now it was a world of easy credit, cigarette-smoking women and Saturdays off, and nobody else wanted to put their dukes up. "He succeeded in rewarding all the wrong people," says an old colleague. "The more intelligent, sensitive players wouldn't fight him, so they got screwed." No indeed, Papa Bear never did grow old, but he did grow old-fashioned, and it really was incidental whether that hap-

continued



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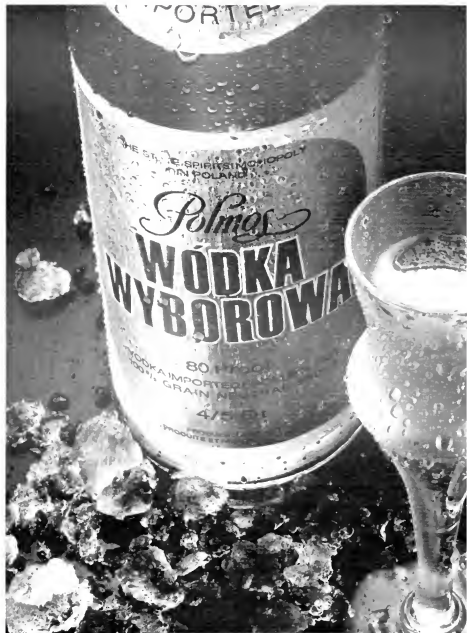
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# Wodka vs. Vodka

*Wodka is different.*

*Its distinctive, icy taste is from Poland.*

*From the 15th Century.*

*And since that time, vodka lovers have become Wodka lovers. Because the vodka connoisseur just won't settle for anything less*

*than the taste of Wodka.*

*The colder, the better. Straight.*

*Or in a crystal clear martini.*

*Instead of vodka, ask for Wodka.*

---

*Wodka Wyborowa (Vib-a-rova) from Poland.  
Instead of Vodka.*

pened when he was 60 years of age, or 40 or 25. He was a man of the times, and the times had changed.

He suffered most for his parsimony. Mike Ditka's celebrated gibe—"He throws nickels around like manhole covers"—cemented his reputation for all time as a Scrooge. It did not matter that his family always knew him as a benevolent patriarch, that he was an easy touch for friends and good causes, that he had made a fortune in oil and real estate and several other endeavors. The Bears' ledger was frozen in time, back when Halas' office was a hotel lobby, when he sold tickets himself on the street, when Bronko and the Galloping Ghost had to take IOUs.

**M**aybe it is easy to throw nickels around like soybean futures if you are from money—Lamar Hunt, Clint Murchison, that crowd. And it is easy to spend rashly if you are nouveau, if you made it wheeling and dealing—Ray Kroc, Gene Autry, fellows like that. It is seldom how much money we have that indicates how we will spend it. No, it is how we obtained the money. And what Halas made from oil and land doesn't count, not with the Bears it doesn't. Here are three stories that will tell you something or other about this.

Story one: Brian Piccolo used to shake his head and laugh about it, even as he neared his death. In Piccolo's last season, he fought Halas for three weeks to get an extra \$500. Then when Piccolo became ill with cancer, Halas paid all his bills, thousands of dollars' worth, right to the end. And never a word.

Story two, told by Mike Pyle, the center on the '63 team, the only Bear champions since '46: "The two years before, Green Bay had won and Lombardi had given fur coats and TV sets to the wives and girl friends. So we win, and the old man gives some charms—worth maybe \$50, tops—and only to the wives. The single guys don't get a thing. I mentioned this to Mugs [Halas' only son, a team executive] and he said, 'Now, Mike, of course I'm not talking about you, but we just can't take the chance of having any Bears jewelry end up on some Playboy bunny or some Rush Street floozy.'"

Story three: George Allen ran the team defense and the college draft in Halas' last years of coaching. The '63 club won because of its defense, Allen's

defense. When Allen got a chance to take over the Rams a couple of years later, Halas refused to let him out of his assistant's contract and took him to court over it. As soon as it was routinely established in court that Allen and the Bears did have a contract, Halas rose and withdrew his objections. Then, all he asked of Allen was that he hand over his Bear playbook.

George Allen says now, "Grudge? I understand completely what he was doing. George Halas is a great man, and every day I appreciate him more and more. Just a great, great man."

Probably it has never had anything to do with money. It was just that Papa Bear valued the Bears more than anyone else, and no one was going to take a price without his extracting fair payment. Buying jewelry, giving Jim Finks his authority, parceling out a \$500 raise—it is all the same when you are the guardian of an institution and/or you are the institution itself.

So, Coach, do you have any regrets? Any at all?

"Well, I'd be glad to do it all over except for two things."

Yes?

"First would be the goddamn rubber-shoe game."

And the other thing?

"It was the Depression, and I decided to buy out my partner, Dutch Sternaman. But to get his half of the team for \$32,000, I had to pledge everything, including my half. You understand? If I couldn't get all the \$32,000 in time, Sternaman got the Bears. And I couldn't find the last \$5,000. It was the Depression, and I couldn't raise it anywhere."

"Luckily, a few years before, in '28, I had invested in a development in Antioch, Ellinoy, and so I knew Mr. C. K. Anderson, who was the president of the First National Bank of Antioch, and so I went to see him at his office at 134 South LaSalle Street, and I explained my predicament, and he gave me the \$5,000, and I got the money to Sternaman five minutes before I would have lost the Bears. Now, that is the other thing I would not like to go through again."

You mean you wouldn't try and buy the other half of the team?

"No, I mean I wouldn't ever want to come so close to losing the Bears."

#### 'Appointments

"Several each day—some days are entirely devoted to appointments; many people—authors, press from out of the city—just drop in and my schedule must be such to accommodate them."

#### 'Appearances

"Civic (Mayor's functions, etc.)"

#### "Educational Programs

#### "Benefit Functions

"Award Ceremonies—Now booked through April 1, 1978"


"(Most recent—the 'I' Award and the M.S. Award. Coming up: Mother Cabrini Award—Dec. 3)!"

The lobby of the Bears' offices is pretty much filled exclusively with Halas' memorabilia, awards and trophies. Strangely, the one picture of Papa Bear in the lobby shows him on the sidelines with George Blanda, who spent his most depressing seasons in Chicago, subsequently testifying that Halas "took my 10 best years in pro football and all he gave me in return was a dead sparrow and a piece of string."

**B**ut inside the offices, on the wall leading to Papa Bear's office, there are several photographs of the more convivial stars of yesteryear, most of whom—Grange, Luckman, George McAfee, Gale Sayers—are also registered as "men of character, then and now." Every year, Halas holds an Alumni Day, and this year the proceedings were highlighted by a duet sung by Papa Bear and Ed Healy, a tackle on the 1922 team. They warbled *Hail to the Orange*, the University of Illinois fight song. A fine time was had by all, although here and there some of the oldtimers wondered out loud when the Bears would grow again. The newspapers and television stations are now doing nostalgia features on the '63 Bears, who played when Lyndon Johnson was President and George S. Halas was a kid of 68.

Just about everybody but a few surviving contemporaries calls him Coach. Last year, as much of the family gathered for the holidays, an interview with Papa Bear and Phyllis George was aired. For some reason, Miss George's usually impeccable Miss America manners deserted her, and throughout the interview she referred to the gentleman octogenarian as "George." The family watched, aghast and bemused at such sassiness, but Papa Bear himself did not appear

continued



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to be distressed at this untoward familiarity. What the heck, Phyllis was single at the time, some dish, and in another 20 or 25 years she is going to be 48.

The coach is quite well behaved, except perhaps at games. He would not permit an observer to accompany him to see the Bears play, lest he appear too coarse and obstreperous. At all times his life is well ordered. In his six-room apartment at Edgewater Beach, he begins each day with exercises—riding a stationary bike, lifting dumbbells and jogging in place. For breakfast, he fixes himself grapefruit, bran flakes, sliced bananas ("That keeps up the potassium levels in my body"), coffee and a sweet roll. Then he drives himself to the office and gets down to business. For lunch, he partakes of soup and crackers at his desk, or a fruit plate and salad with Thousand Island dressing. Then he takes his nap, getting an edge on all those dissolute whappersnappers.

The day's work done, he returns home for a dinner of veal, chicken or fish ("Stay away from animal fats") and more salad ("I'm a firm believer in roughage"). He exercises again ("Never go to bed a loser") and before he turns out the light he makes sure that a note pad and pen are arrayed at his bedside in case he has any inspirations in the middle of the night.

Papa Bear is on the move. He is first on the dance floor; he logged out a triple in a recent family whiffle-ball game; and now that his arthritic hips have been repaired, he is preparing to take up golf again when the Bears season is over and he holidays in Arizona. He has no intention whatsoever of retiring; his brother Frank labored contentedly for the Bears until he died several years ago at age 89. "I see some of these old people mooning around who have given up," says Papa Bear, "and I try to give them a little goose." He is older than the Pope and Sam Ervin, if not quite so old as George Meany and Norman Rockwell.

Papa Bear is just about as old as the states of New Mexico and Alaska put together. Think about it that way.

And largely because of the Monsters of the Midway, it has been one great life, booked up now through April 1, 1978. Here is why, Papa Bear explains: "Look, you can have a session with your girl friend. What's that last you? Twenty minutes, half an hour? Or you can go out and get stiff with the boys. A few hours, right? But to win a game in the National Football League! That lasts a whole week!" A pause (A savoring pause.) "Whatta thrill!" He said that: "Whatta thrill!"

"Review my calendar for the next day.

"Leave the office between 6:30 and 7:00 p.m.

"I have no need to search for hobbies or outside interests—I have them all.

"Each day is most interesting and rewarding—As I leave the office, I look forward to tomorrow."

END

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# **JUST AN OLD SNOW JOB**

The Telemark turn, which looks like a cross between a curtsy and an elegant dance step, was performed by Snowshoe Thompson in the 1860s. Now a hardy band of Colorado skiers is reviving it as a vital part of an old-new sport called ski mountaineering. How they gear up and how they get back down are described on the pages that follow.



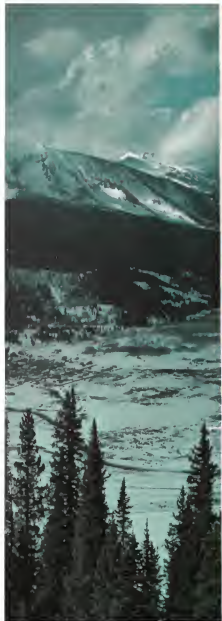




Rick Borkovec tours in a Head outfit, plus Adidas shoes and skis; wife Laurie wears a Nordic outfit from White Stag.

Tucked in alongside the Elk Range of the Colorado Rockies, Crested Butte has become a hotbed for high touring.





After layering up to his chambré shirt, Jack Marcial dons a JanSport parka with storm flaps and plenty of pocket space.

Kick turning Desirée Pequette tours in a Bogner jumpsuit with quilted lining. The rucksack and gaiters are from Athelon.







For mountaineering, Jay Goodwin (top) packs beeper, avalanche cord and Company 3's telescoping ski poles. The Kestinger-Messner boots worn by Rick Silverman (center) feature Vibram soles for climbing, while the Ramer binding (bottom) is pegged for steep going. The rest of it, as Nancy Gustafson and Cliff Ellis Jr. show at left, is learning Telemark technique.

## HIGH LEVEL STUFF

**S**ki mountaineering is more than just getting away from it all. The idea is to get away and take almost all of it with you in terms of safety and comfort. An exotic gadget like an eight-ounce radio beeper, for example, is not a call-your-office device but a transmitter whose signal could enable rescuers to locate someone buried in an avalanche. The most-used model is the Preps, \$62.50, and most backcountry parkas now have inside pockets to hold them. A less expensive alternative is an avalanche cord such as the Edelrid (\$4.90), a bright orange, hollow line that is attached to the waist and trails out and floats up in a snowdrift. At mountaineering hot spots like Crested Butte and Telluride, skiers tend to carry both, plus a shovel. A new generation of ski poles also has been produced with mountaineering in mind. Company 3's \$34.95 model features a telescope adjustment—longer for touring, shorter for downhill—and the poles can be screwed together at the handles to form a 10-foot avalanche probe.

Similar advances have come in skis, bindings, boots and clothes. Among the favorites for the backcountry are the lightweight Fischer Europa 99, a \$109 skinny ski, the \$99.50 Trucker Light Edge and the \$110 heavy-duty Trucker Mountain Edge, which is expressly designed for mountaineering. Among the seemingly fragile cross-country bindings that can actually be used in the high hills is the Silva Strab (58.75), which is easy to repair and wide enough at the toe to accommodate all ski boots. The \$85 Ramer binding is heavier, offers toe-pivot control for touring and a release-locking heel for downhill, plus a climbing plug to raise the heel for steep slopes.

Time was when all mountaineers

packed ski boots for the hike up, and put them on at the summit for the ride back down. But new double boots like the San Marco Raid (\$139), the Kestinger-Messner (\$124.95) and the Galibier-Makala (\$155) go everywhere, including to bed—the soft inner-boots may be kept on for added warmth in a sleeping bag. More flexible construction and Vibram soles make the boots suitable for climbing.

In ski tops, warmth and comfort beat beauty every time. The high-tourers prefer all-wool innerwear, which maintains 50% of its insulating quality even when wet, and they pile it on in layers. The latest import from Norway is Helly Hansen's ski underwear (\$80). The long johns are lined with non-scratchy, quick-drying fake shearling pile, the skier wears them lining in or lining out depending on the weather. A wide variety of wind suits and outerwear is also available. Early Winters offers a 17-ounce, \$80 parka made of Gore-Tex, a waterproof fabric that breathes. It has flaps and pockets all over the place, a drawstring hood complete with visor, a storm skirt—even underarm zippers to let in cool air when needed. For face protection, Scott makes a \$6 hard plastic mask that fits onto ski goggles, pretty much like the masks worn by dirt-bike racers to keep rocks out of their teeth. And for hands there is the preshrunk wool Duchstein mitten (\$12.95). Under that, the skier wears another pair of woolen mitts, and under that, the Millar Mini (\$12), designed with half-fingers to allow you to tie knots or adjust gear without removing the mitt. And anybody who can figure out how to do that in the cold is about ready to become a ski mountaineer.

—JULE CAMPBELL

CONTINUED



There was a time in the Colorado Rockies when skiing was less a sport than a necessity. In those days, a ski was not even called a ski but was known as a "Norwegian Snowshoe." Aspen was still named Ute City and a heavy snowfall was sometimes measured as being "six ponies deep." Avalanches were known as "the white death," and the winter mountains were alive with the raucous sound of miners risking their lives in pursuit of precious metal.

These were times—from the 1860s through the first couple of decades of the 20th century—when to ski was to survive and it was no matter of fashion or fun. Most everything essential in winter, from the delivery of mail to basic camp supplies, moved by Norwegian Snowshoe. During the great blizzard of 1899, perhaps Colorado's worst storm ever, it snowed constantly from Jan. 30 to Feb. 20. At least half of all the cattle in the state froze to death and the citizens of many towns had to chop up outbuildings and dismantle their barns for firewood. A hundred miners and their families were trapped at Hunters Pass, 19 miles from Aspen. When their food ran out, they tore down the shacks they called homes to construct crude skis. They made 75 pairs, then set out en masse into the teeth of the blizzard toward Aspen, many of the men carrying children on their backs. To alleviate the fear and bring some humor to the dangerous situation, someone posted a sign announcing the trek as "THE ANNUAL RACE OF THE HUNTERS PASS TENDERFOOT SNOWSHOE CLUB," and ruled that each "entrant" had to bring one ham sandwich as an entrance fee. The whole town fought through the storm and arrived in Aspen in a day.

Climbing out of Telluride, Jack Coffman will don all his ski gear for the ride home.

## RISING ABOVE IT ALL

The dearth of snow on the slopes drove them into the hills and when they came down ski mountaineering was on its way

by William Oscar Johnson



That they could cover any ground at all, let alone breach a blizzard with the skis they made, was something of a miracle. Jack A. Benson, a Ph.D. candidate in history at the University of Colorado, devoted a chapter of his thesis to the Norwegian Snowshoe as a major form of 19th-century transportation in the Rockies. In an article in *The Western Historical Quarterly*, called "Before Skiing Was Fun," Benson describes the crude techniques used to make skis. "To construct the eight-to-12-foot-long skis, prospective travelers began by cutting long boards from larkery, ash or pine trees. They then planed the slats from four to six inches wide and an inch thick. Next, they attached broad leather straps—primitive boot bindings—near the center of each board . . . [and] curved the front ends upward by bending them around logs or by boiling the tips in five-gallon tins of water. In order to minimize friction, they sanded the bottoms as smooth as possible and waxed them."

The only other equipment needed was a single eight-foot pole. It was used to maintain balance, to slow down—by dragging it in the snow—and to turn, sometimes by straddling the pole and shifting weight from leg to leg. On the flats, skiers could skate along pretty much as cross-country skiers do today. To climb, they attached animal skins to the skis, and to career downhill, they used something called "the early American ski technique." This is interpreted by Benson to mean "stand up and pray the snowshoes will go straight." Turns were executed only for the most practical or pressing reasons—to avoid trees, rocks, sheer drop-offs and wandering bears.

There may not have been much beauty to skiing in those days, but there was a kind of purity. Indeed, Colorado's 19th-century Norwe-

gian Snowshoes had their roots deep in the snows of the Stone Age. A rock drawing from the northern Norwegian village of Rodoy shows a stick figure on skis. Curators at Oslo's Holmenkollen Museum have dated the drawing back to 2000 B.C.

Ah, but we have come a far piece from all that. The purity and stick figure of skiing for transportation was replaced quite a while ago by something sleek and fashionable, perhaps even a bit effete by the lights of the tough old Norsk birds who skied Norway 4,000 years ago—and certainly the miners who skied the Rockies 100 years back. What we are dealing with now is a \$2.47 billion industry, a souped-up sport spun out of equal parts of the 20th century's technological revolution and its leisure boom.

However, something new is happening to skiing. Or rather, something very, very old. In Colorado, many skiers who were once hooked on downhill runs have begun to head deeper into the hills, reliving some of the same thrills—and many of the dangers—of old-time miners and prospectors. The activity is called ski mountaineering, which is a blend of both Nordic and Alpine skiing.

It is fitting that Telluride and Crested Butte in particular have grabbed on to this old-new sport the hardest. They are a couple of charming, semi-seedy villages that were once full of Norwegian Snowshoes. Telluride sits in lovely isolation deep in the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado. Thanks to a wild optimism about the hoped-for success of the ski area there, a land boom is going on in Telluride that matches the wildest strike-it-rich days of the 19th century. Lots measuring 125 feet by 25 feet are going for \$17,000 each. No one seems too sure just why people are paying this kind of money for so little land, but one resident says, "I guess they figure that if there's a big building boom here, and lots of people move in, they'll be on the ground floor to cash in on it. And if there isn't, then they've got themselves a nice, peaceful place to live far away from the big-city crowds and hassles."

Crested Butte sits in a cul-de-sac in the Elk mountain range, once the last stop on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad line. Though the lure of gold and silver brought the first fortune hunters into the area, it was the more mundane discov-

ery of coal that kept the town alive through the early 20th century. Then in 1952, the main coal mine shut down and Crested Butte came close to becoming a full-fledged ghost. The ski area was opened in 1962 and, though it has never quite returned Crested Butte to the boom-town economy of the 19th century, it has kept the place alive and added considerably to its charm.

These aren't the only two places in the West where ski mountaineering has taken hold, it is widespread. One reason for the new interest in this oldest of skiing forms was the drought of 1976-77 when resorts throughout the West almost went bankrupt. Danny Hirsch, director of the Nordic skiing program at Telluride, says, "Everyone got more and more into mountaineering and cross-country skiing, because there was no other place to ski except back up high in the mountains where there was snow. The resort area was no good at all, so everyone got a pair of cross-country skis and some skins and went off to wherever there was snow. They had no choice."

**T**his season, the resort owners hope, there will be a choice. But even if there is a good load of snow on the ski runs, ski mountaineering has found a crowd of new loyalists. There are a number of ways of enjoying it. One is to strike out with pack, tent and sleeping bag, climbing and gliding and schussing wherever the trails look best. Another way is to strap downhill skis and boots to your back and hike into the hills, climbing rocks or kicking steps in the snow where necessary. Then, having reached a point a couple of thousand feet higher than where you started, you put on your Alpine skis and swoosh down through the snow. Or you can use light cross-country ski equipment to hike to some likely peak, then come down through powder, hard-pack or corn snow on the skinny wooden skis, wearing the soft boots, light knickers and windbreaker of the flatland cross-country hiker.

One important development makes this possible, the rediscovery—or the reinvention—of that most grandmotherly, most elegant ski maneuver of them all, the Telemark turn. The likely creator of this old-fashioned bit of mountain ballet was a Norwegian ski jumper named

Sondre Norheim. He came upon it in the 1860s as a way to land with maximum stability after a jump. The landing position could also be the first move in a sweeping turn if such was required. It was the first technique for turning on skis without the use of the balance pole—or without the ancient Norwegian trick of grabbing a tree to change direction. Norheim named the turn the Telemark after his home county, and it was the ultimate in classy skiing for 60 years or so. Then when Hannes Schneider invented the far flashier and faster Arlberg technique, with the boot heel planted on the ski, the Telemark was relegated to the attic of the ski world.

Rick Borkovec, 28, the Nordic director at Crested Butte, was perhaps the first American to stir renewed interest in the Telemark. He recalls, "In 1971 I was on the ski patrol here and we used light wooden cross-country skis to check the trails for avalanche problems in the mornings. It was easier skiing along the top of the area on cross-country skis than on heavy, rigid Alpine skis. But once you were up on the mountain, you also had to get down, and you couldn't just schuss a couple of thousand feet to the bottom—and you couldn't snowplow all the way down. So we got to wondering about the old Telemark turn. But there was nothing written on it. Can you believe it? Nothing. Not a word, not a diagram in any of the cross-country instructional books. We had to start from scratch and rebuild the whole thing by trial and error. But once we found it again, it was as if we'd invented a whole new sport."

Borkovec says the reason the Telemark had vanished from the techniques of most cross-country racers and skiers was that they did most of their skiing on relatively flat country. "They'd do a step turn or snowplow turn going down a hill. But, you see, they thought turns just as a way to get past a downhill section and back onto the flat or the uphill. But with our snow, we do a Telemark turn because it will let us do downhill skiing. It's a whole different emphasis. It's the purest of all turns."

There is, indeed, a purity to the Telemark. The movement looks like a cross between a ballroom dip and a curtsy as it might have been executed by that old mail carrier Snowshoe Thompson, who dragged his pole and dipped slightly on

continued



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## ABOVE IT ALL

*continued*

turns in the manner of those days. In the complete Telemark, however, the front ski is pushed forward until the point of the rear ski is even with the front foot. The front knee is bent at a right angle, the foot flat on the ski. The rear heel is lifted, the knee dropped in another sharp angle to the ski so that only the ball of the foot rests on the ski. The arms are raised in a graceful, even theatrical way, and the turn—a lovely carving arc if properly done—is executed by driving the front knee inward. Although these turns can be performed with immense dignity and even on steep drops with plain old wooden skis, it is best to have skis with steel edges if you are going to be Telemarking downhill a lot. And you might be prepared for every bit as many goggle-eyed stares as any hot-dogger draws. Rick Borkovec says, "I'll tell you, the sight of a skier linking a snaky series of Telemarks down a lift-line run sets up a real sensation on the hill."

Although a few resorts refuse to let people on their lifts if they are wearing light cross-country equipment, Telemark skiers have been appearing all over the West. Borkovec thinks the phenomenon may be less popular in the East because of the ubiquity of ice on the mountains, something that even the most practiced Telemark skier has trouble with.

Beyond the novelty of the Telemark and the back-to-purity aspects of using much the same equipment as the Roddy Man, the greatest advantage of ski mountaineering is the fact that so much more exciting terrain is opened for the intrepid skier. No longer is downhill skiing tied to heavily traveled, groomed slopes and long queues in the lift lines. No longer is the Nordic sport confined to tame flatter-track touring through gentle woods and farmland. Now the meanest and steepest mountain ground in the West is skiable. By using the miles of narrow roads and trails that still crisscross every mountain from the days of the gold miners, even a mediocre skier can make his way into the backcountry to places so remote and so beautiful that they seem to be from another planet. Danny Hirsch of Telluride says, "These are the youngest mountains in Colorado, steeper and sharper than most other places. You can get to some really radical places here. Most of the normal touring places are pretty tame, but you can climb to places

*continued*

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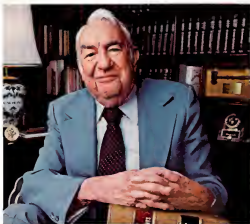
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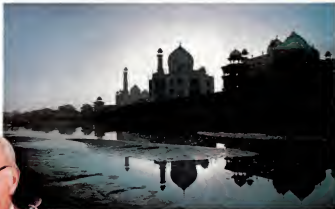
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## ABOVE IT ALL

Continued

here where you can see the whole San Juan mountain range. You can see to Utah. And after you admire the view, you can make a run down the mountain that might go for three miles. You might hit some pretty radical drops and some bizarre snow, but it is some kind of an exciting trip."

It also can be dangerous. Hirsch is head of the Telluride volunteer search and rescue group, and so one is more aware of the terrible things that can happen to unwary skiers in the mountains. Already this autumn, before even a fraction of the year's snowfall has accumulated, one man has been killed in an avalanche above Telluride. Another man, an ill-equipped California hiker, is still missing. The victim was an experienced skier from Telluride who touched a normal-looking bit of snow, which suddenly set off a massive slab avalanche above him. While his companion watched helplessly, the man was swept into the slide. Smart ski mountaineers never go into the high backcountry immediately after a storm; they wait instead until the snow has had a chance to settle. They also carry safety equipment such as the transmitters, the telescoping ski pole and the avalanche cord.

And a smart mountain skier never goes into the bush without a shovel to test for dangerous snow conditions. It is a simple matter to dig a pit in the snow and check the layers to see whether the fall is stable. "You can see pretty much each layer of snow that has fallen," Hirsch says. "What you look for mainly is what we call depth hoar. This is a layer of ice crystals that get to be like a whole layer of ball bearings in the snowfield. They are what make the snow unstable. A whole mountainside can slide if there is a lot of depth hoar in the snowfall."

One cannot exaggerate the dangers of an avalanche. "Even the most experienced climbers get caught," says Hirsch. "You can never be sure you're safe."

So the risks are real when you venture into the Rockies on skis. But for the ski mountaineers the rewards make it worth the danger. They may not be measured in gold and silver as they were in the old days, but anyone who has experienced the sensation of whizzing along on his Norwegian Snowshoes over a six-pony snowfall knows they are real rewards indeed.

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Earlier this year, Bob Wussler, then president of CBS television, and Jay Michaels, head of Trans World International, a firm that specializes in packaging shows for the networks, were relaxing at New York's 21. Sipping a glass of white wine, Michaels casually said, "Bob, would you be interested in the Heisman as a prime-time package?" Sipping a Coke, Wussler said, "Let me think about it a few days." Forty minutes later, Wussler said, "I've been thinking about it. It goes."

One place the famous trophy probably should not go is on television, but it will do just that next Thursday at 10 p.m. (EST) on CBS, when the Heisman dinner—heretofore a relatively sedate black-tie occasion attended by a couple of thousand people in New York—goes public. Or, more precisely, goes commercial. The award dinner will be carried in TV listings as the 43rd Heisman Awards Show, but it should be called the First Annual Heisman Hype. Trying not to be upstaged by the television blitz will be the top three candidates, led by Texas Running Back Earl Campbell, for the award, which is given annually to the nation's best college football player.

But never mind the athletes. Two of the stars of the spectacular are Leslie Uggams and Connie Stevens. One host will be O. J. Simpson, which makes sense because he is a former Heisman winner. His partner will be Elliott Gould, which makes sense because Burt

Reynolds presumably was not available. And on the horizon is a bonanza of Henman products. Cereal, perhaps? Could it be Henman Flakes?

Traditionalists will be stunned by all this. The Henman always has been presented with dignity. Actually, the word stuffy is more like it. The award's sponsor, the Downtown Athletic Club of New York, has treated the presentation dinner as something for itself and a few close friends. "Carnivalize the Heisman!" grumps one ABC football in-

nouncer, Bill Flemming. "It sickens me."

A lot of people are giving a lot of reasons for the change in the Heisman ceremonies, but to cut through the glop, here's the deal: money. CBS has paid \$200,000 for the rights to televise the dinner this year. The Downtown Athletic Club will get \$164,000 and Trans World International will receive \$36,000. These are not huge bucks for the DAC, which at the height of the Depression spent \$36,473.43 on china, but it could really cash in if the show draws good ratings. CBS has options for six more Heisman programs, in each of those years the network would pay \$25,000 more than it did the previous year. If the show goes on for seven years, the DAC stands to get \$1,578,500 and TWI \$346,500.

What about CBS? Obviously, this is a deal in which there is something for everyone. The network has sold the full allotment of advertising, six minutes worth, for \$900,000.

For all that loot, CBS will give its viewers entertainment—not sports. In fact, the program is being produced by the CBS entertainment people rather than its sports department. There will be singers and dancers (auditions were held at Radio City), celeb presenters, a comedian. "We want to re-create the total college experience," said producer Bob Wynn when the show was in the planning stage. "Today, yesterday and tomorrow we might do a thing on how the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi has changed. It will be romance

and music and fun and fight songs and pep rallies." There will be no main speaker, only acceptance thank-yous, because TWI executive Howard Katz shudders at the word speech. "What we hope is that the acceptance will be entertaining interludes," says Katz. But what about those who say the show sounds like a carnival? Says Wynn, "If the show turns out carnival-like, I would consider it a huge success."

TWI's big problem was filling the hour. After all, how many times will the folks at home sit still for *On, Wisconsin*? The solution was to give more awards. For the first time, the 1,050 writers and broadcasters who select the Heisman winner were asked to pick six other honorees: best offensive lineman, offensive back, offensive end, defensive lineman, defensive back and linebacker.

Care has been taken not to go too fast for anyone out there in TV-land. Gould will define the Heisman. Somebody will define football. Instead of showing films of the star players in action, which is one thing most football fans would like to see, the intention is, Katz says, "to explain what a defensive lineman is."

Another of TWI's intentions is to make a bundle. Bud Stanner, a vice-president of International Management Group, TWI's parent firm, has the responsibility for thinking up ways to make even more money off the Heisman. "There's a glut of tennis shoes on the market right now," says Stanner, "but when we get a Heisman brand, that will make them special." He claims he is already dealing with a Florida company that will put the Heisman winner's picture on soft-drink cups. "The more people who are aware of the Heisman, the more valuable it becomes," says Stanner. "When we get Heisman windbreakers, this will remind people all year round." Windbreakers? "Sure, not anything cheap-like windbreakers from Taiwan; we might do a London Fog." So far Stanner has refused to get involved with key chains and T-shirts, and he is afraid the award might not have quite enough clout for commemorative coins.

No wonder Flemming laments, "I'm sorry the Heisman ceremony can't keep the grace that it had. Was the DAC not satisfied to keep a grand tradition going? Do they need the money that bad?"

END





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Danny Sheridan is a young man with a six-figure income. He has appeared on NBC's *Tomorrow* and ABC's *Good Morning America*. He has been featured in *Esquire* and *Azgony* and acclaimed by newspaper columnists, including such heavy hitters as Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* and Jim Murray of the *Los Angeles Times*. He is the wonder of football fans across the country. Maybe not all fans, but certainly the 32 million or so who play the office pool, are aware of point spreads, or back their favorites with an occasional wager. Danny Sheridan is a football forecaster. Moreover, he is an inspired forecaster, a guy who

gets "vibrations" from "a higher authority." Or so he maintains.

This magazine, too, was intrigued by him. When we visited Danny Sheridan he was 28 and unknown, a garrulous real estate agent in Mobile, Ala. who was dissatisfied with his job and convinced that he had an uncanny power to predict the winners of football games. He "dreamed of scores." He used to walk to nearby Ladd Stadium and toss a football around, waiting to get overwhelmed by a "feeling" of the outcomes of the next Saturday's games. Sheridan claimed that in 1974 he had picked 184 winners in 205 games. He said he hit 28 of his "spe-

cialists" in a row. More remarkably, he was not simply picking winners, but picking winners against the spread.

Invented by bookmakers in the 1920s, point spreads are a handicap imposed on the stronger team in any given game. It is a sum of points subtracted from the favored team's score that is meant to transform every game into a fifty-fifty gamble. Thus, when Texas meets Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl on Jan. 2, odds are that the Longhorns will win. But, if they are favored by, say, 7½ points, they would have to win by eight points or more for a Texas backer to collect an even-money bet. Favorites cover, or exceed, the spread as often as they don't. So, mathematically, the odds against Sheridan's boast of 28 "specials" in a row, or against 28 consecutive hits on any other fifty-fifty gamble, such as a coin flip, exceed 200 million to 1. "Trust me," he said, "I know it isn't easy."

Sheridan's predicting prowess, if not his actual predictions, was first brought to public attention by Bill Sellers, an award-winning political reporter for the *Mobile Press Register*. Sellers said that Sheridan's selections were truly astonishing, although he could not substantiate his professed record. Still, Sheridan appeared to be an interesting phenomenon in the world of football. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** ran a story on him in the Sept. 22, 1975 issue.

Shortly afterward Sheridan appeared on the *Tomorrow* show and was asked to make a few point-spread predictions. He later advertised that he picked 17 of 19; in fact, he correctly picked five of seven. His "best bet," the New York Jets, were beaten 43-0 by Miami. Nonetheless, overnight Sheridan had become a celebrity in betting circles. According to the article in *Esquire*, he received more than 12,000 letters from football addicts throughout America after his TV appearance. Most were from people asking him to put out a tout sheet. After all, if 50 other tip sheets were being sold around the country during the football season, certainly Sheridan owed it to the public to join in.

Sheridan does not gamble himself because it's illegal, but he hoped to grow rich predicting football winners. At one point he tried to contact Bob Martin, the

*continues*



*Since going public, Sheridan has been wrong more often than he has been right*

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C-34

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Las Vegas oddsmaker who was making point spreads before Sheridan was born, trying to find out how he could cash in on his "talent." Martin didn't return the call. Sheridan called Jimmy (The Greek) Snyder and recited his record. When Sheridan insisted he picked 85% winners, Snyder was incredulous. "He's pure applesauce," The Greek said. Sheridan then contacted Mort Olshan, publisher of *The Gold Sheet*, an information service that's been in business for 21 years. Olshan told Sheridan he didn't think Sheridan could pick the winners after the games had been played. Sheridan, who says he has a photographic memory, said he could. Olshan tested him with two games that had been played the previous season—Texas Christian vs. Rice and Oregon vs. Oregon State—asking Sheridan which team had won and whether it had covered the spread. Sheridan answered incorrectly on both counts in both cases. Olshan showed him the door.

After he came to public attention, Sheridan started a telephone tout service. For \$100 he gave clients eight or nine selections a week. New clients kept calling, so Sheridan upped his fee to \$300 a week. Still people called. He raised his rates to \$500 and later to \$900. It was about then that Mark Bernstein, a handicapper and bettor from Far Rockaway, N.Y., phoned Sheridan to ask for his selections. "How many are you?" Sheridan asked. "Eight," said Bernstein. "How much do you bet?" Sheridan asked. "Ten thousand a week." Bernstein responded. "O.K.," Sheridan said, "send me \$4,500 and we'll talk." Bernstein coughed up.

Sheridan's annual earnings jumped from \$18,000 a year to an estimated \$200,000. Rich is a condition Danny Sheridan might have enjoyed forever. But last year, urged by "thousands requesting me," as he says, Sheridan began his first full season of printing and distributing a weekly tip sheet. Right off he had 2,500 subscribers paying him an average of \$500 a season. On one hand, it added roughly \$1.2 million to his income. On the other, suddenly there were 2,500 people besides Danny Sheridan who could record and grade his selections. To subscribers, the results were disheartening. So far, in two seasons Sheridan has made 222 selections—documented them, as he says—and he has been wrong on 112, with two ties or what gamblers call "pushes." It adds up to 49.1% winners.

As a football prognosticator, what Danny Sheridan is a loser.

In 1976, Sheridan's long-awaited tip sheet listed 14 selections of games to be played on Sept. 11-13. He hit seven winners and seven losers, 50%. But for bettors who followed his advice it still meant a loss. Bookies receive a 10% commission, called the "vigorous," on losing bets, which means that when you bet \$100 (let's be realistic, if someone pays \$500 for a tip service he isn't making \$10 bets) you collect \$100 if you win but pay \$110 if you lose. To break even, 52.38% of your bets must be winners. So that first week, a Sheridan client who bet \$100 on every pick would have lost \$70. The next week Sheridan picked 10 games and had three winners and seven losers. This time the \$100 bettor lost \$470, not counting the cost of Sheridan's service.

"Thanks for your telegrams of encouragement," Sheridan wrote in his tip sheet the next week. "Clients who stand by us in good as well as bad times will be remembered and taken care of in seasons to come." By Nov. 22 Sheridan had made a comeback and his season record was 62-48, a respectable 56%, and anyone who had bet \$100 on each selection would be \$920 to the good.

But then, on Thanksgiving weekend, Danny Sheridan went bust. He made seven picks and every one lost. "I apologize," he wrote in his next newsletter. "I wish I had passed on the Thanksgiving games." He might better have closed shop for the entire holiday season. He missed eight of 10 bowl games. Nine of 11 if you count Oklahoma State's 49-21 romp over Brigham Young in the Tangerine Bowl. BYU wasn't listed as a pick, but Sheridan did write, "I was leaning toward BYU against Oklahoma State because I think [the] game means more to them." He finished the year picking Minnesota to beat Oakland by three points in Super Bowl XI (for a \$50 fee to newcomers). With the Raiders' 32-14 victory, Sheridan slipped to 71-69-1, 50.7%, leaving the \$100 bettor who played every pick a \$490 loser.

This season, as of Nov. 20, Sheridan's record is even worse. He is 37-43-1, or 46.2%. Still, his star is rising. Beginning Oct. 7, Sheridan was hired to make weekly picks on the *Good Morning America* show. For television, he picks winners of games, not winners against the spread. This is much easier. Herschel Nissenon

of the Associated Press, for example, picks game winners weekly and his record is currently 71.3% correct. But Danny Sheridan's record on TV is only 22-22-1. "It's just a fun spot," says Patsy Mitnick, a *Good Morning America* researcher in charge of the Sheridan segment. "Besides, he tries to pick upsets."

On occasion, however, Sheridan also seems to be giving clues as to which team he thinks will cover the spread. Three weeks ago, for example, he said he liked Notre Dame to beat Clemson, but that the score would be respectable. People who bet might easily interpret that to mean Notre Dame wouldn't cover the 10½-point spread. Which it didn't. But Sheridan's record against the spread on GMA is 20-25, 44%, roughly his tip-sheet average. Two of Sheridan's "picks" are not included in this total, because bookmakers don't have a "what if" category. On Oct. 7, while discussing the Alabama-USC game, Sheridan said he liked the Crimson Tide to win by one point, or USC to win by 17 or more. Alabama did, in fact, win by one point. Two weeks later, Sheridan announced that he liked Minnesota to beat Los Angeles by three points in overtime, or the Rams to take it by seven points or more in regulation (Los Angeles won 35-3 in regulation). Across America, viewers who follow these things were scratching their heads.

The last time this magazine saw Danny Sheridan he was an excitable, likable, self-assured curiosity. Often he would blurt out wild predictions, gushes about football and life itself. One night at a dog track, moments after the No. 3 dog had crossed the finish line a winner, Sheridan leaped from his seat, shouting, "See! I told you No. 3 is going to win all right long!" It was the first we heard of it, and no other No. 3 won the rest of the night.

Sheridan's thoughts drifted back to football. "I'm afraid to wager," he said. "It's illegal and I know if I do the IRS will catch up with me." His thoughts shifted to the future. "I'd love to quit real estate for a couple of years," he said. "I have this talent and I believe I could make a million dollars. I'll bet I could pull it off. Maybe start a tip sheet or something. Get a million in banks and bonds in two years and then live like a king off the interest."

The two years have passed. It seems that Danny Sheridan might connect on one documented prediction.

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# Football's Week

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**SOUTHWEST** While Texas, Southern Cal, Oklahoma and Penn State came through with wins worth remembering (page 20), Texas Tech wound up with a loss it would like to forget. The Red Raiders' first oversight in their 17-14 Southwest Conference setback by Arkansas came when several Tech players overlooked the possibility of a runback after Bill Adams came up short on a 55-yard field-goal attempt. Vaughn Lusby of the Razorbacks gathered in Adams' kick in the end zone and, while several Red Raiders headed off the field, streaked along the right sideline. Adams injured a knee when he frantically tried to bring down Lusby, who galloped all the way to the Tech 45 before he was stopped. When the Hogs stalled, Steve Little cashed in on the runback by booting a 50-yard field goal, putting Arkansas in front 3-0.

For the rest of the first half, however, the Red Raiders gave the home crowd plenty to cheer about. Fullback Billy Taylor, who finished up with 104 yards in 34 carries, topped off his fourth 100-yard effort of the season with a pair of one-yard scoring plunges that gave Tech a surprising 14-3 halftime advantage. At that stage, the Red Raiders had out-gained the Razorbacks on the ground 202 yards to 62.

In the second half, though, the Hogs got their offense in high gear, rushed for 134 yards, capitalized on Tech mistakes and scored two touchdowns. Early in the third period, the Red Raiders drove from the Arkansas 40 to the 14. There, on third and two, Quarterback Rodney Allison inexplicably dropped back to pass. Worse yet, his throw was incomplete, and then Mike Mock, filling in for the injured Adams, had a 31-yard field-goal try blocked by Cornerback Patrick Martin. Of his third-down pass, Allison later confessed, "I called an audible. I thought it was third and seven instead of third and two. I called the wrong play."

Arkansas Quarterback Ron Calcagni then took the Razorbacks 70 yards for a touchdown, which came on his 11-yard pass to Flanker Donny Bobo. In the fourth quarter, following a 26-yard punt by Mock, Calcagni was told by Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz, "This should be six." It was, as Calcagni's first play was a pass to Split End Bobby Duckworth, who zipped down the left sideline on a fly pattern, hauled in the bomb for the go-ahead touchdown on a go-for-broke play covering 59 yards.

With Quarterback Delrick Brown passing for three touchdowns and running for a fourth, Houston steamed Rice 51-21. Also contributing mightily to the Cougar offense was Running Back Alton Blackwell, who ran for two touchdowns and went over the 1,000-yard mark for the season as he gained 142 yards in 20 carries. For Rice the defeat was its 10th in a row, the longest losing streak ever for the Owls.

Doing the job for Baylor was Tailback Gary Blair, who rambled for 127 yards and two touchdowns during a 45-9 rout of Texas Christian. He was at his best during the first half, gaining 112 yards in just eight carries.

## 1. TEXAS (11-0)

## 2. ARKANSAS (10-1) 3. TEXAS A&M (7-3)

**WEST** Arizona State earned the right to play at home on Christmas Day, beating Arizona 23-7 to advance to the Fiesta Bowl in Tempe against Penn State. Giving the Wildcats more than they could handle were John and Mike Harris and John Jefferson. John Harris, a safety, scored on a 55-yard punt return, intercepted two passes and pounced on a fumble. Mark Harris, a fullback, crunched out 109 yards and scored one touchdown; and Jefferson latched onto six passes for 88 yards. For both the Sun Devils and the Wildcats it was their last game in the WAC, next season they join the Pac-8.

Colorado State, which would have gone to the Fiesta Bowl if the Sun Devils had lost, squeezed past independent Utah State 13-10. The Rams' freshman halfback, Larry Jones, rushed for 177 yards and set a school record with 41 carries.

Brighton Young tied Arizona State for first place in the WAC by drubbing Texas-El Paso 68-19. That was more points than the Miners' basketball team allowed in its season-opening 78-64 victory over Abilene Christian. Marc Wilson of the Cougars was on target with 13 of 29 passes for 187 yards and a pair of touchdowns. The injury-riddled Miners committed nine turnovers, with the Cougars returning three interceptions for touchdowns and Marc Swenson scoring after recovering a fumble and running it back 92 yards. Nevertheless, the Miners had something to celebrate: 202 yards rushing by Robert (Ducky) Elliott, who became the first State player in 29 years to go over the 1,000-yard mark for a season.

Three of the four NCAA Division II play-

off games took place in the West. Top-ranked North Dakota State (9-1-1) defeated Northern Michigan 20-6 as Linebacker Don Hutson recovered two fumbles and intercepted a pass; No. 3 Cal-Davis (11-0) eliminated Bethune-Cookman 34-16, and Jacksonville State (10-2) was a 35-0 victor over Northern Arizona, which fumbled eight times.

## 1. WASHINGTON (7-4)

## 2. UCLA (7-4) 3. ARIZONA STATE (9-2)

**EAST** It did not matter that Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis and Joe Bellino were not carrying the ball. All that counted for the 81,091 shivering fans at John F. Kennedy Stadium in Philadelphia was that Army and Navy were squaring off in another season ender. A Navy triumph would have evened the series, which began in 1890, at 36-36-6. Victory was all that Navy Coach George Welsh was interested in, and his pursuit of that objective cost him an almost-certain tie.

The first half belonged to the Cadets, who led 17-7 at intermission. Army's scores came on one-yard runs by Quarterback Leamon Hall and Halfback Greg King, and a 21-yard field goal by Mike Castelli. Navy's touchdown came on an 18-yard pass from Bob Leszczynski to John Kurovski. A third-period two-yard scoring run by Joe Gattuso was set up by Kurovski's 18-yard dash and brought the Middies to within three points.

As the game wound down, the Middies put on a final drive and had a fourth-and-two on the Cadet nine. A field goal was within easy reach. But, as Welsh said, "You can't kick a field goal there." He had Gattuso try for the first down. The tailback took a pitchout, was hemmed in and threw a pass that fell harmlessly in the end zone. Welsh was praised for his decision to gamble. As Hall said, "You just don't tie an Academy game." Army's triumph ended Navy's string of four straight wins in the series.

Worthy of praise, too, was Holy Cross. The Crusaders, who had lost nine of 10 and were five-touchdown underdogs against Boston College, twice came from behind, scored 14 points in the fourth period and won 35-20. The game evoked memories of 1942, when Holy Cross was a 28-point underdog to No. 1-ranked Boston College and beat the Eagles 55-12.

With Quarterback Mike Rieker and Split End Steve Krender teaming up repeatedly on passes, including a 71-yard touchdown pass on the game's first play, Lehigh stormed to a 23-0 second-quarter lead at Massachusetts in an NCAA Division II playoff. By halftime Rieker had completed 18 of 26 passes for 283 yards and Krender had six receptions for 146 yards. But shortly before the intermission the Minutemen scored their first touchdown. They added two more in the third period for a 23-23 deadlock. After a fumble recovery

continued

deep in Massachusetts' territory in the fourth period, Lehigh scored on an eight-yard Riekert-to-Kreider pass for a 30-23 win. Riekert, who has thrown 27 touchdowns passes this season, wound up with 25 completions in 40 attempts for 351 yards. Kreider's nine receptions for 171 yards gave him 62 for 1,352 yards, and his four touchdowns raised his total to 17.

1. PENN STATE (10-1)  
2. PITTSBURGH (8-2-1) 3. COLGATE (10-1)

**SOUTH** Bear Bryant, who many Southerners believe is capable of walking on water, stomped all over Auburn after his Crimson Tide clobbered the Tigers 48-21 in Birmingham. Bryant added a zinger: "Two or three plays gave them cheap touchdowns." The first of those "cheap touchdowns" came when sophomore Tailback Joe Cnibbs scampered 85 yards with 3:01 left in the first quarter to put the Tigers ahead 7-0. Another came with Alabama leading 28-7 in the fourth period, the Tigers' sophomore quarterback, Charlie Trotman, passing to freshman Split End Byron Franklin for a 74-yard TD.

Alabama did not score until the second quarter, but once the Tide got rolling it was relentless, gaining 322 yards on the ground and 193 through the air. Quarterback Jeff Rutledge, who has seldom rushed for much yardage, racked up 102 yards in 15 carries as the Tigers keyed on his trailing backs and forced him to keep the ball rather than pitch it out. Rutledge also completed nine of 13 passes for 193 yards, two of them going for 30 and 42 yards and touchdowns. The latter throw was hauled in by Split End Ozzie Newsome, who latched onto four passes. Newsome established a Southeastern Conference record with a 20.29-yard average for his 102 catches in four seasons. Fullback Johnny Davis lugged the ball 104 yards on 20 carries for the Crimson Tide, and scored on a 12-yard run.

"A year ago on this Saturday we were going for the national championship," recalled Tennessee Coach Johnny Majors, whose Pitt Panthers closed out their 1976 season with a victory over Penn State. This time Majors and his Volunteers were meeting Vanderbilt in what was dubbed the "Basement Bowl," because the two teams were the only ones who had gone all season without a triumph in SEC competition.

When it was all over, Commodore Coach Fred Pancoast said of his 42-7 setback, "It was like a bad dream." Making it a nightmare was Jimmy Streater, a 165-pound sophomore quarterback. In the second quarter Streater scored touchdowns on runs of nine and one yards and passed 51 yards to Jeff Moore for another six-pointer. Streater scored once more on a three-yard run in the fourth period.

Vandy's Mike Wright, the conference's

leading passer, completed only five of 12 passes for 43 yards. Tennessee's defense, led by Linebacker Greg Jones, forced six Commodore turnovers. Jones hounded Vanderbilt throughout the afternoon, making 19 individual tackles, assisting on six others, stealing a pass and recovering a fumble.

SEC teams won two of three games against non-conference opponents. A runback of a blocked punt helped Florida knock off Miami 31-14 in a Saturday night tussle in the Orange Bowl. Blocking the kick was Nose Guard Scott Hutchinson. Scooping it up and returning it 64 yards for the touchdown was End Mike Dupree.

After Tailback Charles Alexander of Louisiana State had carried the ball eight times against Nebraska and eight more times against Texas A&M in his first two games as a freshman in 1975, he had a net gain of only one yard. "I put my arm around his shoulders after each of those games and said, 'Charlie, things are going to get better,'" said Coach Charles McClendon.

Indeed, things were much better for Alexander during a 66-7 wipeout of Wyoming in which he scored three touchdowns and gained 231 yards in 43 carries (an SEC record). That left the fleet tailback with three-year totals of 26 touchdowns and 2,863 yards. Alexander, who did not start a game until this season, concluded his junior year with 17 touchdowns and 1,686 yards. A 24-yard run on his final carry enabled him to bump Oklahoma State's Terry Miller out of second place in the national rushing derby behind Earl Campbell of Texas. Alexander also finished the season with 104 points (he had a two-point conversion in addition to his TDs) to erase Steve Van Buren's 1943 team scoring mark. Wyoming's Myron Hardeman set a Cowboy record by winding up the season with 1,149 yards as he rushed for 120 against the Tigers.

Georgia Tech bumped off Georgia 16-7. Eddie Lee Ivory of the Yellow Jackets tore through the Bulldogs' Junkyard Dog defense for a total of 112 yards and scored on a 13-yard run.

Grimbling smothered Southern University 55-20 in a Southwestern AC battle. Quarterback Doug Williams of the Tigers completed 19 of 30 passes for 307 yards and three touchdowns, giving him a four-year total of 91. During the season, Williams made good on 159 of 312 passes for 2,960 yards and 34 touchdowns. Jackson State, which finished in second place in the conference, downed Alcorn State 23-16.

Southland Conference champion Louisiana Tech, which will meet Louisville in the Independence Bowl, registered a convincing 20-0 victory over independent Northeastern Louisiana.

1. ALABAMA (10-1)  
2. KENTUCKY (10-1) 3. NC. CAROLINA (8-2-1)

**MIDWEST** The officials of West Texas State gave serious thought last winter to disbanding the school's football program. Instead, they decided to continue playing and hired Bill Yung from the Baylor staff as the new head coach. This fall, after the Buffaloes dropped their first four games, a good many people on campus began to wonder if the wrong decision had been made.

"After those losses, we didn't have time to think negatively," Yung said last week. In the next six games the defense clamped down, the offense opened up and the Buffaloes notched five wins and a tie. And, when they played at home against Southern Illinois University, West Texas State had a shot at clinching the Missouri Valley Conference championship.

The school band did not return from Thanksgiving recess for the contest and there were fewer than 7,000 spectators on hand, but the Buffaloes didn't need any stirring background music or large cheering sections. On the first play from scrimmage, Fullback Bo Robinson rumbled 80 yards for a touchdown. Robinson also scored on a two-yard run, gained 181 yards overall and wrapped up the season with 1,399 yards rushing and 11 touchdowns.

Further helping West Texas to win 28-9 and finish half a game ahead of Wichita State were Carl Burdson and Bill Delaney. Bird-

## PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

**OFFENSE:** Texas remained undefeated as 6-foot, 220-pound senior Running Back Earl Campbell tore through Texas A&M for 222 yards and three TDs in 27 carries, and scored on a 60-yard pass in an easy 57-28 win.

**DEFENSE:** Ron Hosetter, a 6' 1", 214-pound senior linebacker for Penn State, snuffed out two Pitt scoring threats with end-zone interceptions, caused a fumble and made eight tackles as the Nittany Lions prevailed 15-13.

son, a freshman, got off an 83-yard punt—63 yards in the air—to bottle up the Saluki Delaney, a quarterback who transferred from UCLA, carried only 11 times, but gained 107 yards and ensured the victory with a 55-yard scoring run.

For the eighth time this season, Miami of Ohio (10-1) came from behind to win, toppling Cincinnati 12-7. The Redskins entered the fourth quarter trailing 7-3, but Quarterback Larry Fortner completed a 10-yard pass to Paul Worth to take the lead, and then Tom Kraus booted a 43-yard field goal. Fortner finished with 17 completions in 31 attempts for 196 yards.

1. OKLAHOMA (10-1)  
2. MICHIGAN (10-1) 3. OHIO STATE (9-2)

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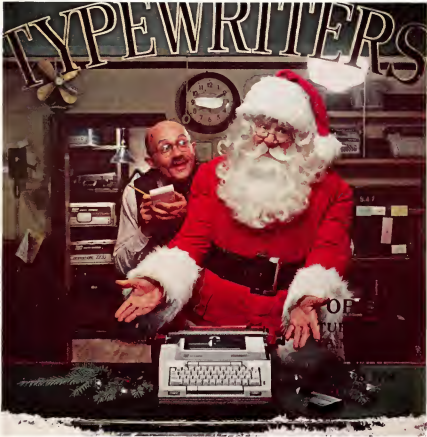
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Gary Allen Cunningham, a Ph. D. in educational administration, made his debut as UCLA's head coach last Saturday, and while it may have been educational, it wasn't much fun. In fact, it was downright scary, which probably serves the Bruins right for not scheduling a sensible opening game—against, say, Hollywood Barber College or Cleveland Chiropractic—to help Cunningham ease into his job.

Cunningham, who had earned an unofficial doctorate in basketball by working as an assistant to John Wooden for 10 years and by playing for the Wizard of Westwood before that, is a quiet, upright fellow who deserved a more comfortable baptism than a last-second 75-73 win over Brigham Young.

BYU was supposed to be too inexperienced to go into Pauley Pavilion and calmly hit 20-foot jump shots. But that is just what the Cougars did on Saturday night against a UCLA squad that is equally young (Guard Raymond Townsend is the only senior) and eminently capable of committing such sins as traveling, charging and missing clutch free throws, all of which it did.

Nonetheless, it was not too shabby a start for Cunningham, especially considering that his predecessor, Gene Bartow, lost his UCLA coaching debut two years ago. And 29 years ago Wooden won his opener by only six points.

The bespectacled Cunningham could pass for a physics professor as he shuffles around campus with his shoulders slightly hunched, except that few pros are 6' 7" tall. He was a jump-shooting forward for Wooden's teams in 1960-62 and coached what was probably the best freshman team of all time, the Lew Alcindor-led group of 1965-66. When Wooden retired in the spring of '75, to be succeeded by Bartow, Cunningham went to work for the UCLA Alumni Association but found he missed basketball. Now he is immersed in it again and apparently immune to the alumni-fan-media pressures that so annoyed Bartow that he quit and moved to Alabama-Birmingham, where the natives are less restless.

Bartow had won two Pac-8 titles in two years, which simply wasn't good enough for some UCLA partisans, who had been spoiled by the Bruins' 10 na-



One of John Wooden's former assistants, Gary Cunningham, came out of the alumni office to guide David Greenwood (right) and UCLA to a 2-0 start

## The Wizard's disciple

tional titles between 1964 and 1975. But Cunningham, perhaps because he knows every nook and cranny of the UCLA psyche after 17 years at the school, seems to have a thicker hide.

"I wouldn't feel any pressure from the Wooden era," Cunningham said just before he landed the job. "I was part of it. The fact that he's still around UCLA is a plus. I'd use it in a positive way. He's a tremendous resource, and I wouldn't hesitate at all to talk to him."

Ironically, Bartow could turn out to be an even bigger benefactor for Cunningham, because he did not exactly leave a bare cupboard. The most notable of Bartow's stars is 6' 9" David Greenwood, a junior theater arts major who wants to be a recording engineer (after a pro basketball career, of course). Greenwood and another noteworthy Bruin, Guard Roy Hamilton, have been buddies since the eighth grade and were a prize recruiting package when they graduated from Verbum Dei High School in L.A. UCLA beat out Las Vegas for their services.

With Greenwood, sharpshooting Kiki Vandeweghe and several other blue-chip-

pers, UCLA is well stocked at forward, and Hamilton, Townsend and Brad Holland are an imposing trio of guards. But Las Vegas took a measure of revenge when seven-foot Brett Vroman transferred from UCLA to UNLV. A popular theory among the West Coast's numerous UCLA-haters is that the remaining pivotmen, 6' 9" sophomores Gig Sims and Darrell Allums, are neither good enough nor tall enough to enable UCLA to win its 12th consecutive Pac-8 title.

Despite such talk, Cunningham does not contemplate an early return to the alumni office. He is so calm and stoic most of the time that it seems he could face a firing squad—or worse, a roaring Pauley Pavilion crowd suddenly hostile to him—without blinking.

"You look at North Carolina last year, at Marquette, at Las Vegas," he says. "They didn't have the seven-foot center, and they were able to go quite far. So it's not a factor that we can't deal with. We can get by with our mobility and our quickness. We can do other things that the big guys can't do."

Seattle offered a pretty good test of that countertheory on Sunday, because

*continued*

it arrived in L.A. with a rather sizable weapon, seven-foot Jawann Oldham. The Chieftains' towering center was the leading scorer in the game with 22 points, but he got most of them after UCLA had used its speed to build up a huge lead en route to a 106-73 victory. And the Bruins showed that they may have an unexpected asset at center—flexibility. When Oldham burned the slender Sims several times early in the second half, Cunningham sent in the muscular Allums to put a stop to it, which he did.

The BYU game Saturday night was one of the most exciting ever seen in Pauley, although it probably was not fully appreciated by UCLA fans, who had not yet recovered from the last-minute football loss to USC on Friday. One coronary per weekend is their limit. BYU Coach Frank Arnold also was a Wooden assistant, and he brought in a fair-to-middlin' team that ran its offense nicely, setting picks that even an NFL fullback could not get through. The result was a lot of open, medium-range jumpers, and the Cougars hit them.

BYU led 38-34 at halftime, but after the intermission, UCLA slowly edged to an eight-point lead and it seemed time for the roof to cave in on the visitors. Instead it collapsed on the Bruins. Greenwood and Vandeweghe fouled out, Hamilton missed a free throw and Townsend had the ball stolen from him. Faster than you could say Jack Robinson (UCLA, '41), the score was tied at 73, UCLA in possession, 0:24 left.

On the ensuing play, Hamilton could not get the ball inside to Sims, so he drove the baseline and flipped a pass out to Townsend at the free-throw line. Townsend missed his shot, but Forward James Wilkes tapped the ball in at the buzzer.

"I always say a close game is good for you as long as you win it," said Cunningham, who has obviously studied the Wooden manual on postgame quotes. The rabid Bruin fans cheered loudly, indicating that they are willing to be patient—so long as Cunningham wins the close ones. Still, those who are fixated by visions of more national championships could hardly find much solace in the narrow home-court victory over unranked BYU.

But the resounding win over Seattle and the testimony of the UCLA players, many of whom did not like Bartow's system, should keep the alarms off Cunningham's back, at least for the moment.

"It is totally different than last year," says Greenwood. "It's like the last two years have been washed away. Last season we ran an offense with a double-low post on one side, and we also ran patterns intended to get Marques Johnson the ball. This year Coach Cunningham has high-post and low-post offenses designed so that no one is ever standing. No one will ever look lethargic, like he's watching two or three others play."

"Last year Coach Bartow stressed playing defense after your man received the ball. This year we're stressing denying your man the ball. And Coach Cunningham said the only time we will use a zone is if we are in desperate, desperate trouble."

One thing bothers Greenwood. He has not been on a team that has won one of those blue and gold NCAA-championship banners hanging from the Pauley rafters. "By now I expected to have two championship rings," he says, "but things didn't work out. I still have two years left, and with any luck we can win one or maybe two championships." Gary Cunningham's job may depend on it.

## THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

**WEST** With six players from last year's 29-3 team taken in the NBA draft, with no hope of appearing in postseason play because of recruiting violations and with its coach on the job only because a district court judge overruled the NCAA, the University of Nevada, Las Vegas was forced to resort to a stall to preserve an 85-80 victory over Northwestern Louisiana. It was Vegas' 60th straight win at home. Destroyed 62-37 on the boards and, therefore, unable to run against the visitors from Natchitoches, the beleaguered Rebels avoided an embarrassing defeat at the hands of an undistinguished team by hitting 23 of 28 free throws, including four by Guard Tony Smith in the last 0.36 white UNLV was holding onto the ball for dear life. Rebel Swingman Reggie Thrus had 28 points to lead all scorers, despite picking up his fourth foul in the first half. Said Coach Jerry Tarkenton, whose school is being forced by the NCAA to renew its efforts to have him suspended, "We were very lucky to win."

Arizona State also appears to have fallen on hard times. The Sun Devils led 66-53 with 5:56 left in a non-conference game with WAC

rival Arizona and then settled back into a zone defense and lost 72-70 when Wildcat sophomore Joe Nehls hit a 15-foot baseline jumper in the last four seconds. The game was played in Tempe, where ASU had not lost to Arizona in eight seasons. To make matters worse, earlier in the week the Sun Devils' promising 6' 6" sophomore Johnny Nash broke his leg and was declared out for the season. Along with the loss of 6' 8" Mark Landberger, a 17.2 scorer last year who signed with the Chicago Bulls after he had enrolled in school this fall, and of high school star Albert King, who changed his mind and chose Maryland at the last minute, Nash's injury seems likely to make it a very long season for Arizona State.

USC won two games in one weekend for the first time since December 1975, beating Idaho State 80-69 and then overcoming a 44-34 halftime deficit to beat Texas 65-64. The Trojans unveiled freshman Cliff Robinson, a 6' 9" center, who was 16 for 27 in the two games. Robinson's strong play prompted Idaho State Coach Lynn Archibald to say, "He is in the same class as Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe." Washington State defeated small college power Puget Sound 67-65 behind James Donaldson's 16 points and 14 rebounds.

San Francisco outscored San Francisco State 53-29 in the second half of a 100-67 thrashing. James Hardy had 23 points and Winford Boynes 25 for the Dons, who will probably be without injured Center Bill Cartwright until Christmas. How soon can the 7, 270-pounder be ready to play after the team doctor gives him the O.K.? "In a couple of hours," says Cartwright.

At Freeman Williams goes, so goes Portland State. In the first half against visiting Colorado State, Williams, the nation's leading scorer last season with a 38.8 average, was a scorching 13 for 18 from the floor, and the Vikings basted to a 55-48 lead. But the CSU defense ganged up on Williams in the second half, limiting him to four out of 15. He finished with 41 points, but Colorado State came back to win 97-93.

1. SAN FRANCISCO (1-0)

2. UCLA (2-0) 3. UTAH (0-0)

**MIDWEST** Manhattan has gone mad over Brooklyn Manhattan, Kans., that is, where folks can't say enough about two young Brooklynites, Curtis Redding and Rolando Blackmon, who play for Kansas State. Redding, voted Newcomer of the Year in the Big Eight last season, fired in 16 points in the first half against Northern Illinois. And when Redding got in foul trouble, Blackmon, a 6' 5" freshman, came off the bench to hit seven of 10 shots. The Wildcats needed all the help they could get—particularly from Mike Evans, who poured in 31 points—to eke out a 76-74 vic-

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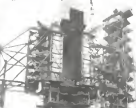
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tory. Colorado used five new players—freshmen and junior-college transfers—in an 86-57 romp over Southern Colorado. Iowa State edged Iowa 79-78 before a sellout crowd of 14,300 in Ames. Two thousand more were turned away at the door.

Arkansas, which struggled to a one-point victory against Southwest Missouri State on the road last year, won a defensive struggle against the Bears in Fayetteville by the score of 65-47. Steve Schall and Sidney Moncrief combined for 25 rebounds, as the Razorbacks held a 52-27 edge on the boards. "We're off to a poor shooting start," said Coach Eddie Sutton, whose team shot .545 from the field to lead the nation last season. Against a bothersome 1-3-1 Southwest Missouri zone, however, Arkansas hit only 24 of 54 shots for 44 percent. Marvin Delph was high man with 20 points, followed by Ron Brewer with 17.

Cincinnati's Pat Cummings, who didn't play on last year's Metro Conference championship team because of an injury, scored 25 points and grabbed a dozen rebounds as the Bearcats throttled Akron 91-81. Georgia Tech's much-traveled Sammy Drummer, formerly of Austin Peay and DeKalb South Junior college, made his debut in a Yellow Jacket uniform by scoring 20 points in a 75-58 win over Georgia.

#### 1. ARKANSAS (1-0)

#### 2. CINCINNATI (1-0) 3. LOUISVILLE (0-0)

**MIDEAST** On Sept. 17 Mississippi turned the temperature up to 95° for its football game with Notre Dame and upset the Fighting Irish 20-13. Last Saturday afternoon in South Bend Notre Dame served up 19 inches of snow and topped that off with a chilling piece of revenge on the basketball floor. The final score was 111-62, even though no Irish player saw more than 24 minutes of duty. Senior Duck Williams and freshman Kelly Tripucka were high men for Notre Dame with 16 points apiece.

Kentucky got 75 points from its muscular front line of Jack Givens (30), Rick Robey (21) and Mike Phillips (22) and led SMU by 42 before Coach Joe Hall sent in replacements. Hall was upset by the performance of his subs, who allowed the final margin to dwindle to 110-86, but was pleased with the play of sophomore Guard Kyle Macy, a transfer from Purdue, who scored 16 points and had 10 assists in his first game for Kentucky.

Speaking of the Boilermakers, their lack of bench strength almost cost them their home opener against Xavier. After Center Joe Barry Carroll (22 points, 11 rebounds, five blocks) fouled out with 5:04 remaining, the Maize-tees, 10-17 a year ago, moved to within a basket at 80-78. Perfect free-throw shooting by Guard Jerry Sichting enabled Purdue to hold on for a 90-82 victory, but Coach Fred Schaap got only eight points from six subs—and all of them were scored by one man, freshman

Forward Drake Morris. Nick Daniels led the losers with 26 points, 23 of them during Xavier's second-half comeback. Michigan, one of the few powers that ventured away from home during the first weekend of the season, defeated Western Kentucky 87-81 as Guard Dave Baxter scored 28 points and freshman Forward Mike McGee added 24.

Except for the antics of Coach Bobby Knight, who recently taunted the coach of the Soviet national team by taking off his shoe and banging it on the scorer's table in a Kharushchev, Indiana is not the team it once was. Trailing East Carolina 48-46 with 10:40 to go in a game at Bloomington, Knight sent in his entire second string to help pull out a 75-59 victory. The Hoosiers' big gun, sophomore Forward Mike Woodson, made only three of 14 shots and sat down with six points.

Indiana State's Larry Bird preyed on Westmont, a Division III school from Santa Barbara, Calif. First, Bird fed his sidekick, Forward Harry Morgan, for a season-opening dunk. Then he rang up the Sycamores' next 10 points in typical Bird fashion—from everywhere. He started with a 17-foot jumper, and then scored on a tip-in, a seven-foot floater in the lane, a 22-foot jump shot and, finally, a layup. "Wow" was all Westmont Coach Chet Kammerer could say, as Bird ended up with 29 points, 13 rebounds, five assists, four steals and a blocked shot, though he played only 29 minutes in Indiana State's 88-54 victory. Morgan scored 16 points and junior-college transfer Leroy Staley added 15.

#### 1. KENTUCKY (1-0)

#### 2. NOTRE DAME (1-0) 3. MARQUETTE (0-0)

**EAST** The headline in Sunday's New York Daily News read, OLD DOMINION BEATS ST. JOHN'S FOR LAFICCH CROWN. Which, had it been true, would have meant that Redman Coach Lou Carnesecca's rebuilding job must be coming along very slowly indeed. But the headline was wrong—a Dewey beats Truman number—though not by much. The stubborn Monarchs almost pulled off an upset when Tom Conrad and slick Forward Ronnie Valentine combined on a four-point play that narrowed St. John's lead to 74-73 with 1:14 remaining. But that was in close as ODU came, St. John's eventually winning 81-75.

For the first time since Mantley Field House opened its doors in 1962, Syracuse had a pregame sellout. The occasion was the season opener with Cornell, which hardly figured to be a spine-tingler, but such big things are expected of this year's Orangemen that a record crowd of 9,502 braved icy winds and five inches of snow to show up. What they saw was not so hot, either. Syracuse showed off its new one-guard offense, scarcely breaking a sweat while cruising to an 88-61 win. Senior Marty Byrnes and 6'11" freshman Center Danny Schayes, son of former NBA star

Delph Schayes, each scored 14 points.

Princeton could not duplicate last year's 95-43 annihilation of Colgate, but the Tigers did hold the Red Raiders to one basket in the first 11 minutes and 50 seconds of an 80-53 game. Frank Sowinski was his usual peppy self on offense, hitting seven of 11 shots while playing on a tender ankle.

South Carolina ambushed Minnesota 62-55, but Coach Frank McGuire was not flexing his muscles. "You can credit the home-court advantage for the victory," said McGuire. "But if they had their two big guys they could have blown the doors down." The Gophers' "two big guys" are 6'10" Center Mychal Thompson and 6'10" Forward Dave

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**GEORGE JOHNSON:** St. John's 6'7" forward totaled 24 points and 14 rebounds in a 66-60 victory over Lafayette, then put in 24 points as the Redmen beat Old Dominion 81-75 to win the Joe Lapchick tournament.

Wisey, who have been suspended for seven and three games, respectively, as a result of Minnesota's long squabble with the NCAA. Sophomore Center Jim Graziano paced the Gamecocks with 21 points.

Albert King's name was not listed in the Maryland-Bucknell game program, which was doubly curious, because while King was being recruited, the Terrapins, as a gimmick, sent him specially prepared publicity sheets listing him among returning Maryland players for the 1977-78 season. Unannounced, King eased his way onto the college scene by playing 28 unselfish minutes during which he scored 13 points. His second shot was an airball. "I was nervous," he said after Maryland's 95-62 win.

Wake Forest's Rod Griffin, Player of the Year in the ACC in 1976-77, came out for the opening tip with more than UNC-Wilmington on his mind. Griffin knew that if he could not go full tilt on his injured left knee he might need surgery to repair a slight cartilage tear. No problem. Griffin played 29 minutes against the Seahawks, scoring 22 points and earning eight free throws down the stretch that tied an 83-79 victory. North Carolina Coach Dean Smith made no fewer than 52 lineup changes as the Tar Heels beat Oregon State 94-63 in Charlotte. Mike O'Korn contributed 21 points, Phil Ford 20. Virginia freshman Jeff Lamp was named the MVP of the UVA Tigoff Tournament in Charlottesville, totaling 42 points in the Cavaliers' 83-63 and 90-70 triumphs over Madison and VMI.

John beat St. Lawrence 90-81 as Glenn Vickers and Jeff Ruland had 20 points each.

#### 1. SYRACUSE (1-0)

#### 2. HOLY CROSS (0-0) 3. NO. CAROLINA (1-0)





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Wade won the MVP award as he blitzed Edmonton with 22 completions in the Alouettes' 41-6 win

## The snow stopped for Sonny

*Sonny Wade's passes and Don Sweet's kicks led Montreal to the Grey Cup title*

If it snows, the Eskimos will win. If it rains, then it'll be the All-Wets." That was the smart tip last week as football fans from all over Canada converged on La Belle Province for Sunday's 65th annual Grey Cup game—that elderly, spiky, sub-Arctic ancestor of the Super Bowl. The site was Montreal's 68,511-seat Olympic Stadium, and the contenders were the Edmonton Eskimos, champions of the Canadian Football League's Western Conference, and the Montreal Alouettes, their Eastern counterparts.

Well, it snowed and snowed, and then snowed some more.

Eskimo hopes surged, but then the snow stopped and game day broke clear and a frosty 16° F. Though there was no rain to fulfill the tipsters' prophecy, the Eskimos might just as well have stayed in their igloos. Edmonton, which had yielded only one point in its two previous games, coughed up a season's worth as the All-Wets crushed the Eskimos 41-6. Edmonton hardly helped itself by committing nine turnovers, five more than Montreal. It was scarcely an esthetically pleasing 60 minutes of football, but then Americans ought not to be too scornful—after all, there hasn't been a really well-executed Super Bowl since the Namath Jets did in Baltimore nine years ago.

Once an American's eyes got adjust-

ed to the outsized field and alien rules of Canadian football, it became clear that the Alouettes were head and shoulders the best football team in the north country. Montreal Quarterback Sonny Wade, a veteran from that Virginia powerhouse, Emory & Henry, completed 22 of 40 passes for 340 yards (and only one interception) to win the Most Valuable Player award. Placekicker Don Sweet, a native of Vancouver who played at Washington State, hit on six of seven field goals to tie the CFL game record in that department and accounted for two "singles" on other kicks. That won him the Outstanding Canadian Player honors. The Montreal defense, playing a heads-up mix of zone and man-to-man coverage, held Edmonton Quarterback Bruce Lemmerman (you, of course, remember him from San Fernando State and, very briefly, the Atlanta Falcons) to a pitiful 74 yards on five for 22 passes. In fact, the total Edmonton offensive production amounted to only 102 yards. Montreal amassed 424.

To some extent, the frozen AstroTurf led to the general stoppiness of play—the north end zone, all 40 acres of it, was slick as a hockey rink. If Guy Lafleur had been playing for Edmonton and had remembered to bring his skates, it might have been a ball game.

For all that, very few fans went away totally disappointed. Championship games generate a mystique all their own and confer a sense of status on all who attend, win or lose. They also drain bank balances with lightning speed, and with the top ticket at the Big O, as Montrealers call the Olympic Stadium, going for \$24, including a \$3 service charge, this game set a revenue record for Canadian football.

As the triumphant AIs skittered and slid back to their locker room, fans cascaded onto the field to rip at the red-white-and-blue goalposts (Alouette colors, not traitorous pro-Americanism) or to take long belly whoppers on the frozen sections of the field. And CFL Commissioner Jake Gaudaur presented the Grey Cup to the winning co-captains. Actually, it wasn't the real Grey Cup, but a replica. That venerable trophy, which over the years has been lost and found again, and used as a champagne goblet, has been honorably retired to the Canadian football museum in Hamilton, Ontario.

As if the snow—Quebec's first blizzard of the season—weren't enough, Montreal's transportation workers did their own dirty best to foul up the festivities by calling a strike for Grey Cup weekend. One of the prime assets of the Big O is that the Metro runs straight to the door. Until this year the Alouettes played all their home games at the Autostade, a remotely located stadium with poor parking facilities. Attendance in the old days, even when the Alouettes had a winning team, rarely exceeded 20,000. This year, though, the AIs packed them in, hitting over 60,000 for half of their

continued

eight-game home schedule. But neither snow nor strikers could dim the enthusiasm of the True Believers. The Big O sold out.

A case could be made—and 22 million Canadians are only too delighted to make it—that the Grey Cup beats the Super Bowl all hollow, both as a championship game and as a spectacle. Certainly when it comes to historical resonance, raucous hijinks, pregame hoopla and just plain wide-open, non-stop football, the Canadian game is No. 1. "In terms of national impact," says Minnesota Viking Coach Bud Grant, the only man to lead teams into both the Grey Cup and the Super Bowl, "the Grey Cup is far greater."

The Grey Cup got its start back in 1909 when Earl Grey, tea entrepreneur and Governor-General of Canada, donated a \$48 silver cup for "the amateur rugby football championship" of the nation. Just as American football was exclusively a college sport back in the days of Walter Camp, Pop Warner and Percy Haughton, so it was in Canada. The dominating team of those early years was that of the University of Toronto, whose Varsity Blues won the first three cup games.

In 1935 the Grey Cup became a professional show with the importation of American players. Until 1948, however,

the game and its attendant foolfarraw were rather staid. In that year, though, a war party of Calgary Stampeders fans took Toronto by storm for the big game. They knocked good gray Toronto on her ladylike ear. Replete with chaps, spurs, Stebens and cow ponies, they conducted ox roasts and hot-cake orgies on the street corners, even galloped their steeds through the lobby of the Royal York Hotel. The tone was set.

Last week in Montreal, even though Calgary was not playing, Stampeders fans were everywhere—belting banjos and bluegrass in the elevator banks of downtown hotels, guzzling hooch in the saloons and boltes and generally raising a good-natured brand of Holy Ned. There were thousands of other celebrants—Montrealers in their outlandish *habitat* toques, Eskimo-lovers in yellow-and-green hard hats (Alberta is oil country), even a couple of quasi-Sasquatches in kelly-green and buttercup-yellow suits, spooking the *jeunes filles* in the lobbies. Though snow was pelting down the afternoon before the game, the Grey Cup parade went off as scheduled, with floats flouncing and bagpipes skirling through the icy canyons of downtown Montreal. As Canadians have long observed, the Grey Cup serves as a kind of northern Mardi Gras—a final blowout before the deadening dark of winter sets in.

But for all the hilarity and high spirits that permeated this year's game, another form of darkness hovered over the Grey Cup's future—the specter of Quebec separatism. If the province finally does pull out of the national federation—and many astute observers feel that it is bound to happen, even if only gradually and nonviolently over perhaps the next 10 years—it could not only spell the end of Canada as a whole but, almost certainly, the end of Canadian football. Already there is talk of Montreal getting a National Football League franchise in the next expansion, and Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau is outspoken in his desire for one. Few football men on either side of the border doubt that the city, with a population of just over two million, could support an NFL franchise. But of the other eight teams in the CFL, only Toronto and, perhaps, Vancouver could turn the trick. Most of the CFL franchises are sickly, if not downright moribund. Canadian television pays peanuts compared to the U.S. networks—last year's Grey Cup, for example, generated only \$245,000 in TV revenue—and even with a 16-game season, gate receipts cannot begin to pay off expenses, although CFL players earn less than half what their American cousins do.

If any Canadian team does jump leagues, it would logically be Montreal. But that decision lies in the hands of Sam Berger, the 77-year-old Ottawa lawyer and football aficionado who bought the team for a CFL-record \$1.5 million in 1969. Many Canadians thought at the time that it was a bum gamble. After all, the Als had not even played in the Grey Cup since 1956. But Berger's bucks and determination paid off: Montreal has made it to the Grey Cup four times—1970, '74, '75 and now '77—losing only the 1975 game.

"The Montreal franchise was sick and going to die," Berger says. "Buying it was my contribution to Canadian unity. Even in 1969, people were leaving Quebec. I decided I was going to set an example by moving into the province." If Berger means what he says, then it would seem unlikely that Montreal will soon be matched against the Colts or the Cowboys. But, as the man says, money talks—perhaps even more loudly in fractured and inflation-frazzled Canada than south of the border.

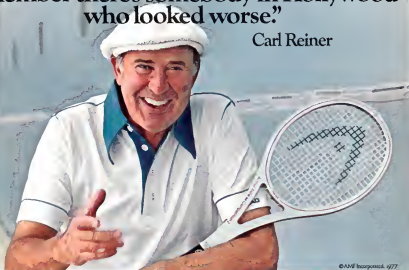
If so, its first utterance will no doubt be "Welcome aboard, Als."



The Grey Cup serves as Canada's Mardi Gras: a final blowout before the dark of winter sets in.

# "Don't be afraid to look bad when you first start playing. Remember there's somebody in Hollywood who looked worse."

Carl Reiner



©AMF Incorporated, 9/77

(Carl Reiner has done all there is to do with comedy—written it, produced it, directed it, starred in it. His work with Sid Caesar and Mel Brooks is legend. Carl is currently editing a film he directed called "Oh, God," with George Burns in the title role.)

**Q.** Would you recommend tennis to everyone?

**A.** Only to people who like sun, running, wearing cute outfits, comfortable shoes and get pleasure in hitting a ball with a strangled instrument.

**Q.** How bad were you when you first started?

**A.** My game was laughable, which got me invited to loads of celebrity tournaments. I'd disguise how bad I was by playing it for laughs. The spectators seemed

to enjoy me, but I didn't. So I resolved to take lessons and try for respect. That was two years ago.

**Q.** Do you get respect now?

**A.** No, I'm still getting laughs but they're not as raucous. I now play well enough to enjoy myself completely. I love the running, I love the competition. I get a thrill out of hitting a good shot. And I feel better than I have in years. I feel younger, stronger, smarter, and better looking.

**Q.** How much recreation were you getting before tennis?

**A.** Very little. I tried jogging but it bored me. Too many people get bored with jogging and give up recreation altogether. I didn't. I switched to tennis. Now I run more than I ever did jogging, and I keep at

it because I love the competition and the strategy. There's very little strategy in jogging.

**Q.** It's a shame you didn't discover tennis sooner. Didn't you play at all as a kid?

**A.** Nobody in The Bronx played tennis. There was only one tennis racket in the whole Bronx and that was warped. For 30 years I thought a tennis ball was something you hit with a broomstick.

**Q.** What do you advise people who won't take up tennis because they're afraid of looking dumb?

**A.** Take lessons with a kindly professional. Group lessons if possible. Second, get out on a court as often as you can. Find a friend or three you can count on to show up. If you can't, call me. I'm always ready!

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*Bear Ferguson, logger, 1873*

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## Does he or doesn't he?

*Only his pharmacist and doctor know for sure whether a builder uses steroids, but these days the odds are that he does*



Sports in general and body building in particular have been altered to one degree or another by drugs. In football, for example, drugs have been used to stimulate athletes or to enable them to "play hurt." In body building, drugs have been widely credited with producing the look that has been in vogue for the past decade or so. A body builder's physique is the equipment he wins with, and since the late '60s and early '70s this look has been changing.

Builders are no longer winning contests by displaying a body slightly more developed and more symmetrical than normal. To compete successfully in contests such as Mr. America and Mr. Olympia, one must now have an appearance of massiveness, density and definition. Builders strive to achieve the abnormal look they were criticized for more than two decades ago, when they were expected to more nearly resemble a piece of well-proportioned Greek sculpture.

Competing 20 years ago might have meant having 17-inch biceps, 23-inch thighs and a 45-inch chest; today measurements would have to be 22, 28 and 57. Besides enormous muscle size, body

building fans are now treated to the sight of veins running down the sides of a builder's arms, the distinct outlines of the deltoid muscles on his shoulders and almost the exact point of insertion for each head of the biceps. If one were to look still closer, he might see the actual strands of muscle fiber pumping through the paper-thin skin. Some argue that the new look is the result of improved diet and exercise, and thus "real"; others consider it artificial, to the extent that it has been achieved by a little blue five-milligram pill, Dianabol.

Body building is slowly becoming overrun by drugs such as this anabolic steroid, with builders popping Dianabol the way Reggie Jackson pops pumpkin seeds. Steroids are products of the body that are generally divided into two categories: the estrogens (primarily produced in females) and the androgens (produced mainly in males). Androgens are responsible for anabolic effects such as an increase in muscle mass and strength. Androgens also precipitate the development of male secondary sexual characteristics during puberty, such as increased body hair and enlargement of

the sexual organs. But after puberty heavy dosages of steroids taken for prolonged periods have an opposite effect, leading to decreased function and atrophy of the testes.

Anabolic steroids are potentially dangerous drugs. While all of the side effects and the possible damage to other parts of the body have not yet been determined, it is certain that after several years' use first the liver becomes damaged and then the kidneys. One builder, a heavy user of drugs, was advised by his doctor that his liver had been damaged and he should discontinue taking steroids. It wasn't until his kidneys began to fail and blood appeared in his urine that he was convinced.

Dr. Lawrence Golding, co-chairman of the medical committee for the International Federation of Bodybuilders, says, "I was asked to do some research on the use of steroids among body builders by Ben Weider, president of the IFBB."

"In a formal approach to the problem I found all the athletes I interviewed would vehemently deny that they were taking any kind of drug whatever, but in an informal verbal survey we conducted

*continued*

we found almost all were taking them. "We also found that many athletes were taking about 30 milligrams per day—the therapeutic dosage is five milligrams—and I discovered a great many taking as much as 100 milligrams."

Says former Mr. Universe and Mr. America Lou Ferrigno, "The problem is those who abuse the drug by taking high dosages. I wish body builders could go back to competing without it." Asked whether he took steroids, Ferrigno said, "I would rather not elaborate on that."

Golding says his research on anabolic steroids indicates that they have no effect at all on building lean muscle mass and explains the continued use of the drug as a result of peer-group pressure. However, endocrinologists feel that the most conclusive study of the effects of anabolic steroids such as Dianabol was conducted by the physiology department of the University of Leeds last year. Working with men undergoing weight training, the Leeds experimenters found, contrary to Golding, that "subjects taking 100 mg/day for six weeks gained weight, mean 3.3 kg [7.26 pounds], and the increase in weight was confined to the lean part of the body." Through the use of radiographic measurements they also concluded that "the muscles increased in size." Some scientists also believe that Dianabol decreases skin-fold thickness—viz., the paper-thin quality of the skin of body builders taking the drug—though here, again, others claim this to be an effect of a high-protein, low-fat diet. Moreover, many builders are convinced the drug gives more definition, or "cut,"

to muscles and increases vascularity.

One professional body builder says, "Most of the time I can tell a drug physique; the body is more vascular and there is a puffly look to the tissues and the abdomen. I would say that 80% of the time I can tell who's on drugs and who isn't."

Tom Manichello, who operates Manhattan's Mid-City gym, says, "Everyone knows about what I call the synthetic body builders, or the drug users. I have kids who come into my gym and immediately look for the Dianabol—they think it's something you can buy anywhere."

As one builder comments, "There aren't too many of us that wouldn't rely on the comforts and technology that our society provides for us. None of us wants to do without if we can have whatever is available that will help make life easier. Besides, since no one is willing to talk about the problem of steroids honestly, it's never going to get out in the open so we can find a solution to it."

Builders sleep, eat and drink body building. Many train in certain gyms where 99% of the people working out are also into body building, and some even go so far as to segregate themselves in an entire environment of body builders, such as Venice Beach in Southern California. In such a closely knit and interdependent community, whatever is used by one builder quickly becomes common knowledge. For the competitor, anything he thinks will make his muscles the size of Arnold Schwarzenegger's (five times Mr. Olympia, six times Mr. America) is immediately placed at the top of the list of training aids. Yesterday

came back in 1971 to win the Mr. Universe contest, were to enter the Mr. America contest this year, it is very unlikely he would place.

The difference in the looks of the two eras is inherent in the terms "separation" and "definition." Separation involves two different muscle groups, while definition concerns the same muscle group. In the upper arm, for instance, if the deltoid and the biceps are clearly seen as two distinctly different muscle groups, a builder is said to have good separation. If, when looking just at the biceps, one can almost see the point of insertion of the heads, it is great definition. Pearl, for example, had good separation and just the slightest definition. In comparison, the bodies of Ferrigno and Schwarzenegger have not only good separation but also great definition.

Possibly the easiest way to confirm the changes in the appearance of builders is to check the photographs in the muscle magazines of about 10 years ago, when drugs were not used to the extent they are today. Then take a look at the current issues of *Muscle* and *Iron Man*.

Another method is to observe the builders' physiques during and after competition. The action of the steroids is such that to get the best results a builder must be a heavy user while training for competition and then refrain from taking the drug after the contest. Because the steroids tend to inflate their muscles, according to one builder, "about six weeks after competition the muscles of someone using drugs will deflate almost as rapidly as a punctured balloon."

A metabolic internist who treats body builders in the New York City area says, "Those taking Dianabol realize that the drug only allows them three years of hard competition and then the good effects, in terms of increasing muscle mass, begin to fall off. The body reaches a point where it does not respond as it did initially. Body builders know when they decide to take the drug that if they don't make it in three years, they won't."

For those on top, or pretty close to it, the decision is simple: if they want to win, they have to use the drug. For younger builders just starting out, the decision becomes a bit more difficult: Should they use it, and, if so, when should they start? Most young builders realize that sooner or later they will be obliged to take steroids along with their handfuls of vitamins, and a great many are

continued

Dianabol—every builder takes it but the one you're talking to



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## BODY BUILDING *continued*

having trouble rationalizing the decision.

One builder, who, typically, refuses to be identified, is a 20-year-old student who has been training for a little more than a year. According to the owner of the gym where he trains, "The kid has the potential to become one of the top builders, if he wants."

Since he started building, he has put on about 35 pounds, increased his biceps from 15 to 17½ inches and his chest from 42 to 47 inches, and decreased his waist from 34 to 31 inches. "What I wanted when I first started body building," he says, "was a really dynamite-looking body, something that, when I walked down the street, people would turn and look at. I always wondered what it would be like to look like a Lou Ferrigno or an Arnold Schwarzenegger."

"What I found out when I got into it was that you have to have the drugs in order to look like a Schwarzenegger or a Ferrigno. The assumption that you can go to the gym, work out and, even after years, have some success, isn't true."

"I used the drug once for about four weeks, but I stopped. I could see myself getting a little bigger, but I learned from an older professional builder that I should start later in the game—when I can't get any more out of myself. Then bring the drug in," he told me.

"Right now I don't know when I'm going to compete. I guess it depends on how good I can get with just good workouts, the right nutrition and diet. I know I could be good enough if I wanted to."

Perhaps by 1980, if not sooner, artificial methods of achieving success will have become as commonplace in a number of other sports as they have in body building—society and athletes may have decided that whatever is available to facilitate success should be used. But questions remain: Should athletes be permitted to gain an advantage over their competitors by artificial means, and, further, should they be permitted to take drugs that have demonstrably harmful side effects?

Without steroids, success in body building depends on the food the builder eats, the vitamin supplements he takes and the exercises he does. This is the way it used to be, and the way most builders would like it to be. But until the drug problem is faced openly by their entire community, body builders believe competition will continue as it has during the past decade—enhanced by steroids. **END**



**Spend like Scrooge  
but give like you-know-who.**

**VAT 69 GOLD. IF YOU DON'T MIND PAYING LESS.**



## MAN TO MAN

by John Weitz

Style tips from the internationally famous mens fashion authority and designer of Capitán cigars.

### The patterned shirt VS. the patterned tie.

Patterned shirts and patterned ties. Should you wear them together? You may argue with the answer I'm going to give, but one thing you won't argue with is a Capitán No. 3 cigar.

I designed the No. 3 as a small cigar for the man on the go, who recognizes the fashionable viewpoint in clothes and cigars.

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"Wooden dories drift effortlessly down the Colorado River, dwarfed by the soaring granite walls of the Grand Canyon that rise abruptly from the river's edge. The flowing water reflects the bright, striped boats. Only the rhythmic stroke of oars disrupts the eerie quiet, sending circular puddles behind the dories. But soon the rumbling sound of distant water slapping at walls and over rocks intensifies, until a bend in the river reveals to the eye what the ear already knows. The dories are approaching a rapids."

Where did this appear? National Geographic? Natural History? Field & Stream? No, it's from *Grandeur and Turmoil* by Melissa Ludtke in *Sports Illustrated*, where the beauty of sports is captured along with the action.

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## QUARTZ DIGITAL

On a recent afternoon at Chiu Yuen Kuan, 40 miles outside of Peking, an 18-year-old from Englewood, Colo. unlimbered his tennis racket and began swatting balls against the Great Wall of China. The bounces were pretty erratic and the watching Chinese tourists were obviously amused, but no more so than John Benson. "Maybe I'm the first to use the Great Wall of China as a bungee board," he said, grinning. "Did Marco Polo ever do that?"

Certainly Benson, runner-up in the U.S. Junior championships last summer, and his teammates—pros Stan Smith, Tom Gorman, Valerie Ziegenfuss and Mona Guerrant and collegians Anne Smith, Larry Gottfried and Sherry Acker—were the first Americans in decades to play tennis against the Chinese. Before Chairman Mao established the People's Republic in 1949—and even before Kenny Rosewall's first tournament victory—the U.S. Davis Cup team of Don Budge, Betsy Grant and Gene Mako beat China in the first round in Mexico City in 1935. However, China hasn't competed in the Davis Cup since 1946, and the only Chinese player of note, Kho Sin Kie, who won the British Hard Court titles in 1936-39, died in 1947. With Kho's death, and Mao's rise, the game seemed to have perished on the mainland, although a couple of Chinese did show up for a cup of tea at Wimbledon in 1959.

The American tennis contingent that arrived in China in October had read about the Great Wall, the Ming tombs ("This graveyard would make a terrific underground tennis club," said Gorman, appraising the crypts) and delicacies such as shark fins, duck brains and sea slugs, which sent them literally sprinting for a McDonald's in Hong Kong the day the tour concluded. What they didn't expect to find in China were relatively high-caliber tennis players—especially women. None of the Americans was prepared for Ch'en Chuan, 19, a nimble six-foot accountant who appeared to be as powerful as Margaret Court, or quick and pretty Yu Li-ch'iao, another 19-year-old



Stan Smith warms up with Wang Fu-chang before an unexciting, but appreciative, Cantonese crowd

## According to Chairman Mao

*"Attack is the best defense," he said, paraphrasing Fielding Yost, or someone, and as a touring group of U.S. players discovered, the Chinese play an aggressive volleying game*

who works in an electromagnet factory and won sets from each of the American women except Guerrant.

Yu, who holds the national women's title, although she's been at the game only four years, is not even a household name in Wu Ch'ang, where her parents live. Everybody knows how good the Chinese are at Ping-Pong, but tennis is about as prevalent in the People's Republic as the Sayings of Mao are in Orange County. All told, China has a few hundred courts (perhaps more than 50 of them in the hotbed, Shanghai) and possibly 10,000 players. Considering the game's ancestry as a diversion for rich folks, it is perhaps more remarkable that tennis survived the Revolution and the Cultural Revolution. In pre-Mao days, hundreds of courts, most of them at private residences and clubs, dotted Shanghai alone, where tennis was enjoyed by affluent Chinese and foreigners.

Now the courts are public, of course. The playing fee is 15¢ a court for four

hours. Nevertheless, tennis remains expensive by Chinese standards. In a country where \$30 is a common monthly wage, a racket costs \$8, and balls—surprisingly, good old colonial white—are \$3.50 a can. No problem in selecting equipment: there's only one racket available, the wooden domestically manufactured Aeroplane, patterned after the Dunlop Fort, and one brand of balls, also Aeroplane, which "sometimes go into a tailspin and crash-land," says Gorman.

Apparently three men, all government officials, have been instrumental in nursing the game along, and reviving it after the Cultural Revolution, when the national championships were not held: Mu Tso-yun, 64, an assistant basketball coach at Springfield (Mass.) College before World War II and head of the Chinese Tennis Federation since 1953; Mei Fuchai, director of tennis in Shanghai; and Chu Cheng-hui, the national coach. Mu, who initiated the invitation for the U.S. team, says, "We have plans to build more

continued

courts and encourage more tennis, especially among the young, and we invited the Americans to come so we could learn from them," Jan Carol Berns of New York, a leader of the tour that was overseen by the National Committee for U.S.-China Relations, says. "We were astounded when the Chinese asked us for a tennis delegation. But we've learned that this is one of the signs of a general loosening up. Tennis had been considered bourgeois by some in power."

Mei and Chu, a couple of portly 49-year-olds who were permitted to enter Wimbledon 18 years ago, were the best male players produced by the People's Republic. As coaches, they are responsible for the startlingly good crop of present-day Chinese players.

Good, of course, is relative. "There are some prospects here," says Dick Gould, the Stanford coach in charge of the U.S. men's team. "Particularly those two girls Yu and Cheng, who could play college tennis at the upper level in the States. I thought it might be a little embarrassing when I heard we'd be playing against their national teams, that we might have to pull our punches."

"The tour consisted of seven engagements composed of two-set matches in Shanghai, Peking and Canton. They kept it interesting, and our kids had to hustle.

Their top men, Hsu Mei-lin and Wang Fu-chang, aren't as impressive as the two women, because they're both over 30 and won't improve much. But the players we saw volleyed and moved very well and liked to attack. I like that." Coach Chu does, too, reporting, "Chairman Mao said, 'Attack is the best defense.'"

"What I'm not sure about is how competitive they are," Gould says. "We keep hearing them say, 'Yu-i-Ti-i, P-sar Ti-erh'—friendship first, competition second—and they seem to genuinely mean it. I'm not putting that down. It's great—but tennis is a very competitive game if you're going to move up."

The Chinese won 17 of the 146 sets played, but gained only one straight-set victory, the rangy Ch'en Chuan over Sherry Acker. The pros never had to extend themselves, but the college kids (Acker is at Florida, Anne Smith, Benson and Gottfried at Trinity in San Antonio) drove hard. One night in Shanghai's splendid 18,000-seat Indoor Sports Hall, the best seats—which went for 12¢—were sold out, and the crowd of 8,000 was the largest to watch tennis in China. Benson, a slim, curly-headed journalism major, had never played before so many people, and he was hyped up. He banged through the first 10 games to lead Tan Yung 6-0, 4-0. "Hey, Johnny,

take it easy," Gould called over. "If this guy doesn't get any games, they might farm him out to a commune." Obeyingly, Benson let up and his opponent got two games.

The two indoor matches in Shanghai were played on a wooden basketball floor; the other courts were clay with a hard-packed sand surface. Except for Shanghai, the crowds were modest and nearly mute. "As long as they don't snore," said Stan Smith during a characteristically long period of silence during a Shanghai match.

Yet the spectators were attentive and appreciative—"just not the demonstrative type," Smith said. "Very stylish," said Gorman, grinning. "They're like a Southampton crowd in the old days—except these people are paying attention to the tennis. They've got a sense of humor. You know that when you see what breaks them up—somebody missing an easy shot, especially one of their own players."

Gorman said, "The Chinese may be the most incredible players in the world. By that I mean it's unbelievable how good they are considering that they're so insulated, have only themselves to compete with and play only two or three tournaments a year. We haven't discovered a tennis power here by any means, but they're very respectable."

Stylish the audience may be, but the Chinese have not yet discovered Ted Tinling and exotic dresses with lace panties. Yu and her female colleagues wore ample shorts and tennis shirts, identical to those of their male counterparts. Although the Americans were politely received, the frilly undergarments worn by a couple of our women on a practice court in Peking drew lusty chirps from Peeping Toms behind the fence.

Tinling may not have crashed the People's Republic, but the teachings of the Newport Bolshevik—scoring radical Jimmy Van Alen—are certainly evident. Tie breakers flourish, but only pure, revolutionary Van Alen sudden death (best of 9 points). The Chinese have also banished love, 15, 30, 40, sharing Van Alen's preference for zero, 1, 2, 3. While it is difficult to picture James Van Alen and Mao Tse-tung as fellow travelers, when Jimmy learns of the score-keeping sagacity of the Chinese, he is likely to drive his Rolls-Royce all the way to Peking to congratulate them.

END



Awaiting the ball's erratic return, John Benson uses the Great Wall of China as a backboard.





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# Rub-a-dub-dub, that's my daddy in the tub

*His teammate sons try not to call Gordie Howe "Daddy" on the ice or in the whirlpool, where the Old Man relaxes between attempts to score his 1,000th goal*

It was almost 11 o'clock last Saturday night, and as the rest of the spiffed-up New England Whalers were rushing from their dressing room to make last call at some Hartford pub, Gordie Howe lazed contentedly in a whirlpool tub. "Hey, Gramps," Defenseman Alan Hangelebleen hollered at Howe, "where's the rubber duck we gave you?" The gray-haired Howe laughed. "I'm 50 years old," he said, "and they give me a rubber duck for my whirlpool."

For Howe, who actually won't turn 50 until March 31, those late-night whirlpools were the best part of a frustrating week as he failed in his attempts to score the 1,000th goal of his 30-season professional career. Howe had scored No. 999 on Nov. 10, and now he had gone a whole two weeks and two days without a goal. Maybe he was over the hill. Maybe old age had finally caught up with him. Maybe Gordie Howe ought to retire and give the game back to the kids, including his own.

"Ah, the goal will come," Howe said. "When I was trying to break Rocket

Richard's NHL record of 544 goals back in 1963, I went 12 games before I finally broke it. And I did it with a short-handed goal, of all things, right there in the Montreal Forum."

Howe's quest for No. 1,000 was hardly helped by the hand injury he suffered during a game at Edmonton early in the week. Howe somehow mashed his left hand against the boards, and by the end of the game it was so sore he could not even hold his stick. With Howe sidelined for the next two games, the Whalers lost 5-4 to Quebec to end a 14-game unbeaten streak and were tied 3-3 by Indianapolis.

Howe probably should not have played on Friday and Saturday nights when the Whalers lost to Quebec and Edmonton, respectively, in Hartford, but three other New England regulars, including Gordie's 22-year-old son Mark, were out of the lineup with more serious injuries, so Gordie had little choice. On Friday, he fell on the bad hand early in the game, and when he tried to snap off a wrist shot in the final minute he flinched in pain and then watched the puck dribble off his stick. On Saturday it was more of the same, although the Whalers still led the WHA race by seven points over Winnipeg. "The hand really hurts," Howe said, "I can't do anything right."

When Howe is healthy he can still unleash his well-disguised wrist shot—he rarely ever employs that newfangled invention known as the slap shot—with the same quickness and precision he displayed back in 1946 when he arrived in Detroit as an 18-year-old rookie from Floral, Saskatchewan. "When I was a rookie with the Red Wings in 1959, I used to tell people that Gordie was amazing for his age," says

Whaler Right Wing Johnny McKenzie. "Now here I am, 40 years old myself, and I'm saying the same thing."

Howe has moved from his old right-wing position to center a line for son Mark and Right Wing Tom Webster. Until he injured his hand he was the Whalers' leading scorer with five goals and 17 assists in 16 games. He has taken a regular shift, worked the power play and occasionally helped kill penalties. And New England's opponents have scored only six goals while Howe has been on the ice. Some NHL loyalists like to pass off Howe's present accomplishments with a "big deal, he's doing it in the WHA and that's not the NHL," but Howe says, "The Whalers were 5-1-1 against NHL teams in the exhibition season, so let's forget that talk."

Remarkably, Howe still ranks among hockey's best on-ice policemen. When Edmonton's Brett Callighen made the mistake of slashing Howe's injured hand during a jam-up after a whistle, Howe reached over another player, picked Callighen up and rudely deposited him on the back of the net. "I don't know if the kid meant to hit me," said Howe, "but I want him to remember that I didn't care for it." Howe also aggravated his injury when he tried to run down Edmonton Defenseman Paul Shmyr after Shmyr's hard check had sent son Mark from the game with bruised ribs.

"Toughness and durability go hand in hand," Howe says. "Injuries and the traveling are what get tougher as you get older, but the game itself is great. I've learned to adjust to the times."

Howe enjoys the locker-room banter about his age. McKenzie, Center Dave Keon and Goaltender Al Smith are the only Whalers who were even born when Howe scored his first NHL goal on Oct. 16, 1946. Howe's oldest son Marty is also a teammate, and another Whaler, Defenseman Gordie Roberts, was named after him. When Roberts was born in Detroit in 1957, Howe already had scored 388 goals for the Red Wings. Forward Jack Carlson constantly asks Howe if his suits were gifts from the 1948 playoffs. "Yeah, I'm as colorful as my clothes, and they're all brown," says Howe.

Mark and Marty call their father Gordie in the locker room and on the ice. "I think if we called him Dad we wouldn't get the puck," says Marty. "I do remember that Mark once hollered 'Dad, Dad'"

continued



A whirlpool is the best part of the night, says Howe

Dewar's  
"White Label"  
to all, and  
to all a good  
Scotch.

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never  
varies.



on the ice and Gordie then hit him with a pass and he scored. But that happened just once." Mark's wife Ginger is expecting their first child about the time of Gordie's 50th birthday. "Maybe I'll have to stay around long enough to play with my grandchildren," says Gordie.

Harry Neale, the Whalers' coach, marvels at Howe's commitment to the game. "There's no way he thinks he's someone special," Neale says. Earlier this season Howe played four road games in five nights, then was one of only six players to show up for an 8:30 a.m. practice. "I hid his skates so he couldn't work out," Neale says. "Other men may have the physical capabilities to play at 50, but what makes Gordie so remarkable is the mental part. He knows exactly what he has to do to prepare himself to play." In training camp, for instance, that even meant running—for the first time in Howe's career—two miles each day.

As always, Howe operates on the ice with an air of nonchalance. "Gordie's remarkably economical in his movements,

and unbelievably creative," Neale says. "Thirty years have gone by, and he still does something new with the puck every night." Howe acknowledges Neale's comments, then relates them to the Richard vs. Howe comparisons that once fueled endless arguments in barrooms from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

"People used to complain that I was nonchalant on the ice, while the Rocket was like a cobra," Howe says. "But that was my style. The Rocket even told some writers that he didn't think I tried hard all the time. Well, a couple of years ago I ran into the Rocket and he told me, 'Gordie, I guess you really were trying all those years.'"

Predictably, Howe claims that he has forgotten the details of most of his individual accomplishments. "People keep asking me about the first goal I ever scored, so I've tried to remember that," he says. "It was my first game in the NHL and it came on a little tap-in from in close. But they tell me that Sid Abel had an assist, and I thought

I was playing with two other guys."

Howe's all-star team? "Bobby Hull, Guy Lafleur and Richard on the wings, either Milt Schmidt or Phil Esposito in center, Doug Harvey and Bobby Orr on defense, and Terry Sawchuk in goal."

Of course, Howe would be the right wing on anyone else's all-time, all-star team. In 25 NHL seasons he scored 853 goals and had 1,114 assists. He won six scoring championships, five MVP awards and played in 21 All-Star Games. After a two-year retirement Howe moved to Houston and the WHA in 1973, and in his four seasons with the Aeros he scored 141 goals and had 285 assists. "Greatness is measured by quality of performance and durability," says Neale. "Howe is the greatest athlete any of us have ever seen."

What does Howe think?

"Ah, people now figure that I'm nothing special," Gordie says. "They think I'll just retire at 65 like everyone else. My father is 84 and he's still dancing back in Saskatoon. He loves dancing. I love hockey."

END

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# MAKING A COMEBACK FROM NOWHERE

*A street fighter out of the East Bronx, Bobby Halpern had five arrests and three pro fights before doing 17 years in the slammer. Now 44 and out on parole, he's scuffling to start all over, and has a 6-0 record with five KOs*

by **PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

**B**obby Halpern, who is 44 years old, is unwinding the tape from his hands when he is told that the heavyweight he has just beaten is not Dave Conteh after all, not the brother of the British light heavy champ, John Conteh. "He's Dave Sands from Brooklyn," the guy says, and Bobby Halpern smiles, widening a diamond-shaped cut on his chin. Blood is slowly dripping from a gash over Halpern's right eye. He is a short-legged, thick-chested, thick-armed mauler, 5' 10", 192 pounds, built something like Rocky Marciano. His face is heavily scarred around the eyes and chin. His friends say he fights best after he's been stung a few times.

Halpern's left forearm bears white scars that resemble needle tracks, but when you look closely you see that the scars are too long and too deep for that. They are the slash marks of a razor, 10 of them, and were self-inflicted. Halpern says he did it to avoid a beating by the guards at Green Haven Penitentiary, his home for 8½ years.

Once Halpern was a very hot pugilistic property, an East Bronx boy and a credit to a neighborhood famous for its fighters, such as Steve and Mike Bellone, Tam Maunello and Jake LaMotta. Seventeen years in prison ended all that, and now Halpern is picking up \$200 here and there by fighting four- and six-rounders. He fought Conteh, a k a, Sands, in the Westchester County (N.Y.) Center. Six brutal rounds. He earned his money.

"What's your record, Halpern?" a writer wants to know.

"Robbery one, assault two, kidnapping," says a guy who knew Bobby back in Green Haven, and a few men snicker. Bobby Halpern smiles again.

"Don't forget grand larceny," he says. "They got me on that, too."

This is April 1977, and Bobby has been out 15 months. In 1959, he was sentenced to 20 years to life for robbery, grand larceny, assault and kidnapping. According to the indictment, Halpern and John Doe, legal terminology for a defendant unknown and never caught, invaded the car of Jack Michaelson, a 19-year-old interior decorator, and stole his ring, wristwatch and \$1.20 in cash. They shoved him into the trunk, drove him 40 miles upstate to Goldens Bridge, N.Y., beat him, tied him up and left him semiconscious. Then they drove his car away, set fire to it and went home.

Francis McPartland, the arresting officer, said he figured Halpern and his buddy were "drunk and crazy" at the time. Halpern, a promising heavyweight who had had two bouts at New York's St. Nicholas Arena and one at Madison Square Garden, said it was a frame job. He said he wasn't there. Halpern said that when McPartland arrested him and Michaelson identified him he was in Fordham Hospital in the Bronx, recovering from shotgun wounds in the left arm inflicted by George Colitto, an owner of a sporting goods store and a minor racketeer guy.

They'd had an argument over a girl, which led to a shoot-out in Colitto's apartment on East 180th Street. Halpern un-

*continued*

## COMEBACK

continued

loaded his revolver at Colitto, missing all six shots. Colitto fired once and Halpern, bleeding heavily from the left arm, jumped out the window and escaped. Later that day he checked himself into Fordham Hospital where he could await the pending charge of three counts of extortion that Colitto had brought against him. Then Detective McPartland and Michaelson paid him a call. He was identified and arrested. It had been a busy day for Halpern. In three days he was scheduled to fight Eddie Vick in the semifinal at St. Nick's. He asked someone to please call the matchmaker and tell him that he didn't think he could make the fight.

"They prodded that guy Michaelson into identifying me," Halpern says now. "They were just looking to get me on something, to put me away. When I went up for sentencing, every assistant D.A. in the Bronx was lined up there, like I was John Dillinger. Six guards were behind me and a deputy was out in the hallway ready to come in with more guys if he had to. It was like they expected me to go berserk or something."

The detectives in the Bronx Robbery Squad, the guys who knew Bobby Halpern as a wild neighborhood kid who couldn't stay out of trouble, roll their eyes up when they hear that Bobby thinks he was framed. How many times have they heard it? "No, we got the right guy," says the re-

cently retired McPartland, who can go back a long way in the history of the East Bronx. "You say that Bobby filed 25 writs in prison? He says they never identified him out of a proper lineup? Well, sometimes these longtimers spend a lot of time in the library, reading the law books. They get to be pretty good jailhouse lawyers. They all try to find some loophole."

The Bronx is a series of islands. Bobby Halpern's island is the 10 blocks or so around East 187th Street, just south of Fordham University and in the hub of a Little Italy. It is not as colorful as the Little Italy in lower Manhattan—Mulberry Street with its festivals and feasts—but it is tighter and more fiercely ethnic. Surrounding the island is what the police call the Blackout, block after block of black and Puerto Rican homes and stores and bars. Blacks are not welcome on East 187th Street.

Thirty years ago the neighborhood was mixed, not racially but ethnically, and Halpern, the son of a Jewish father and an Irish mother, was no oddity. There were plenty of Jews and Irish around Webster Avenue and East 180th, where he grew up. But Bobby Halpern was something special. He was a fighter in a neighborhood where fighters were revered.



Battered but relentlessly boring in, Halpern stalks



When he was 15, Halpern was the 118-pound Diamond Gloves champion and the New Jersey state champ, both amateur titles. A year later, grown to middleweight, he worked with Gus Lesnevich, the former light heavyweight champ, helping him train for the Ezzard Charles fight. Halpern is not sure how many amateur fights he had, maybe 150, maybe 200. He says he lost "about 10."

On the street his record was just as formidable. He was considered crazy and wild and he loved to fight "Cops, kids, grown-ups, it didn't make any difference," he says. "I started a fight in the old Crotona theater. They called the cops in to get me. They almost did, except I jumped out of a window, and a cop tried to follow me and he broke his leg. Once when I was 17, we went to watch a basketball game in the St. Joseph's Church hall. At halftime I went down on the court and started shooting baskets. Pretty soon one of the teams came out and a couple of guys chased me off the court in kind of a rough way. I waited for them till after the game. Then I laid out the whole team. You do stuff like that, you get a reputation, you know?"

"I used to fight every day. You ever hear of the Five Iron Dukes? Ask anybody in the neighborhood today about the Five Iron Dukes, I bet they'll remember. Me and Izzy Kaiser and Andrew Porque and Angelo DiGirolamo and

his brother Brownie. Angelo and Brownie are still around somewhere upstate. They did a year in Riker's Island, selling pistols, fighting with cops. Brownie once went to a wedding in the Winter Garden. He started a fight. Then he got up on a table and dove into a bunch of guys, just like he saw them do it in the movies.

"Izzy Kaiser fought lightweight. Tall, about six feet, a freak fighter. A bad guy with a knife, forget it. He's dead now. OD'd on dope. He was into everything, every racket. Once me and Izzy were walking through Crotona Park, that's where they used to have a lot of the gang fights, and some gang surrounded us, about 10 or 15 guys. I said, 'We're from the Iron Dukes,' and they said O.K. and left us alone.

"One day when we were just kids we got into a fight with a couple of guys in a bar on 179th and Webster. The whole bar jumped us. Izzy pulled a knife and cut one guy real bad across the stomach and neck. Then an off-duty cop came out and pulled a gun on us. What do you think happened? The guy who was cut across the neck grabbed the cop's gun so we could get away. That's the kind of neighborhood it was."

Andrew Porque, the fifth Iron Duke and a professional stickup man, is dead now. He was shot during a robbery. "Andrew jumped in the back of a guy's car and pulled a

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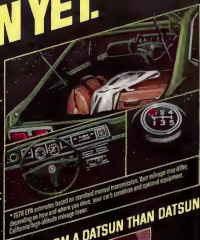


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gun on him," Halpern says. "The guy turned around and shot him dead. You know who that was? Detective Mario Biaggi, the most decorated cop on the force at that time. Congressman Mario Biaggi now. Andrew picked the wrong guy to hold up."

Pocque appeared as a co-defendant with Halpern on a first-degree robbery charge late in 1952. Halpern was 19. It was his sixth arrest of the year. Four ended in dismissals, two in suspended sentences. "Most of the time I wasn't even put in jail," he says. "The cops would just take me down by the icehouse, right off Webster Avenue, and give me a beating."

In 1953, Halpern was ready to turn pro as a fighter. The D.A.'s office had other plans for him: five to 10 at Elmira for sticking up a food market. It is a case well remembered in the Bronx.

"A carload of kids stuck up this place on 178th and Washington," recalls a detective from the 48th Precinct. "The cop on the beat saw the stickup. He was an old-timer, 38 years on the force. He pulled his gun and fired at the getaway car. It was on a Friday afternoon, and the cop had a four o'clock swing. That's when he was off duty. He was taking his family down to Atlantic City for the weekend. He figured his shots had missed. He never filed a report."

"It turns out he had wounded one of the kids. The robbery was traced. They called the cop in. 'How come you never filed a report?' the inspector asked him, and he told him the truth. 'Let's have 'em,' the inspector said. 'Let's have your papers.' They retired him on the spot."

Halpern did four years in Elmira. He says it was rough but not too bad. The convicts stuck together. There wasn't the racial tension he found in prison later on. "I did some boxing," he says. "I won the middleweight title when I got there, and I left as the heavyweight champ. I fought a lot outside the ring, and that's when I'd get in trouble. Sometimes the guards would use their clubs on you. We had a saying 'clubs are trumps.'"

When Halpern got out, it took him a year to get his license to fight in New York State. In 1958 he won two of three bouts. He beat Attilio Tondo in a four-rounder in St. Nick's; he outslugged Henery Wallisch in a vicious, bloody six-rounder in St. Nick's as the underdog to Roland LaStarza-Larry Zernitz, and he lost a split decision to Tom McNeely in a four-rounder in the Garden. It was a few years before McNeely fought Floyd Patterson for the title.

"It's funny," Halpern says. "When I was doing my 17-year stretch I got a letter from McNeely. He was the boxing commissioner of Massachusetts. He wrote, 'When they sent you up, I said to myself, I'm glad I'll never have to fight that guy again. You were an absolute animal in the ring. Is there anything I can do to help you now?'"

"I wrote back, 'Yeah, get me out.'"

Halpern spent time in Sing Sing, Dannemora, Attica and finally Green Haven. He got in trouble. He fought. There was no boxing program. He had his own version of it. When you talk to him now it is hard to understand the wildness that must have burned so intensely inside him. He hides nothing. He ducks no questions. He looks exactly like what he is, an old fighter, with hair receding at the temples, scar tissue over both eyes and more of it around his chin. He

talks very softly, and at times he seems almost embarrassed about his life. But he lays it all out.

"Dannemora's upstate in Clinton," he says. "They call it the Siberia of New York. I used to work out on the bag bag there. Sometimes I'd have a fight, but it was mostly to show people I could take care of myself. Then they'd leave you alone. They wouldn't bother you. Once I saw a convict chasing another one in the yard with a knife. The guards looked the other way."

"I figured it was only a matter of time till I'd be out on appeal. Three years went by, four years. My appeals were turned down. I got mad, bitter. I started fights. I was known as a troublemaker. I'd do 15 days in the box, an segregation. No bunk to be down on, it was just a strip cellar. I'd walk around, do push-ups. When I'd come out I'd be back in trouble again. The other inmates used to tell me, 'Bobby, you'd better take it easy. These guys'll kill you.' I used to duck meals. They'd put Thorazine in the food, to calm me down. I fought it. Once I lost 25 pounds in one stretch in segregation. My friends walked right by me when they saw me. They didn't know me."

"Green Haven was the worst. The guards knew how to give beatings there. I kept filing those writs of appeal, and they didn't like that. The hacks would say, 'You know how much money you're costing the state, boy?' and I'd get another beating. There was a warden there who used to say, 'Halpern, you think you're a tough guy, but you know, I'll kill you here.' One time they damn near did. I woke up in the hospital getting intravenous. I was afraid to eat the food, afraid to drink the water, because of the drugs they'd put in it. Once they had you under drugs, they could make anything they wanted of you. They had you coming and going."

One day I was peeling potatoes, the hacks came by. Halpern, who gave you that knife? one of them said. 'Better come with me.' They told me I was going to see the bug doctor, the psychiatrist, but I knew where I was going, down the hall for another beating. I carried a razor. I pulled it out and slashed myself 10 times on the left arm before they could get it away from me. 'O.K.," I said. 'Take me now.' At that point I wasn't even thinking about ever getting out of prison. I knew I had 20 to life, so they might as well kill me."

Halpern finally got to court on a writ, the Bronx County Court House. Three Black Muslims were in the same reception room, waiting for hearings on their appeals. There was an argument. Halpern took them on with a chair. One of them slipped a knife into his side. He wound up in the hospital instead of in the courtroom.

He remembers Willie Sutton at Green Haven. "We worked in the laundry together," Halpern says. "He'd never talk about the stuff he pulled, but he was a very good jail-house lawyer. He was always looking to help other guys. They used to bring people up to see him. He was their showpiece. And there he was, pressing the warden's clothes."

After 17 years in prison Halpern was freed on parole. He remembers one old guard handing him his things and telling him, "You know something, Halpern? This place just ain't gonna be the same."

continued

Move ahead to April 19, 1977 and Halpern is fighting Dave Conteh/Sands at the Westchester County Center. In January Halpern got a New Jersey license to fight professionally and knocked out Terry Kidd in one round in South Orange, on the Mike Rossman-Christy Elliott card. "Fat guy, around 230," Halpern says. "Couldn't move." This is Halpern's second fight since he's been out. He's had quite a bit of trouble getting a New York State license—44 years old, an ex-con and so on.

"When I first got out, in January '76," Halpern says, "I went down to Bobby Gleason's gym to work out with this big heavyweight. Al Briverman and Bill Prezant told me that Don King wanted me to go up to Providence to fight some guy on the Scott LeDoux-Dino Dennis card. I went up there but for some reason my fight never came off. So I sat and watched the fights. I saw this great white hope knocked stiff in one round. He was undefeated. Then later I read he was still undefeated. Still undefeated, after that guy knocked him out, and you should have seen what that other guy looked like. Anyway, they told me they had a six-rounder in Boston for me, and I trained like crazy and I never heard from them again."

There are about 1,500 fans at the Conteh fight, 500 of them from Halpern's old neighborhood. As he laces up his shoes, a guy puts his arm around him. "You in shape, Bobby?" Halpern looks up at him. "In shape?" he says. "Hey, I've been training 17 years."

Conteh/Sands takes the first two rounds, inflicting heavy damage with straight rights, opening two cuts. In the third, Halpern turns animal and holds his opponent against the ropes and punishes him with both hands. He takes the next three rounds going away, and the crowd is standing and screaming.

**A** friend is sitting next to two guys from the neighborhood. "You think there'll be a riot?" one guy says.

"Nah," says the other. "Not this crowd. I was at the CoCo Fernandez fight at Sunnyside the other night, and before the fight CoCo gets on the microphone and tells his people, 'Please, no matter what happens, don't cause any disturbance.' You know what happens? CoCo knocks his guy dead and they still wreck the joint. Aggie got hit with a chair. Nicky got hit with a chair."

In the dressing room is Anthony Zinzi, who just got out of Green Haven. "I wasn't worried," he says. "Bobby'll take 20 punches just to get loose. He likes to get hit first—before he massacres the guy. At Green Haven he fought a guy behind the church. He made the guy hit him first. Then he took him apart."

A stocky man with a Fu Manchu mustache and beard is planting a kiss on Halpern's swollen cheek. "I love this guy I love him," he says. He is Henry Wellitsch, 19 years ago he had fought that brutal six-rounder against Halpern at St. Nick's. "Me and Bobby put on a bloodbath," he says. "The *Daily Mirror* wrote it was the greatest fight ever fought in New York. The guys at ringside had to move back, there was so much blood. Hey, how about Bobby? He's something, isn't he?"

A month later Halpern destroys a slim, nervous-looking

fighter named Freddy McKay at the Westchester County Center. The fight is stopped on three knockdowns at 1:22 of the third. Halpern's father is at the fight. He is short, tremendously broad through the chest, slightly myopic at 77, but powerful. His hand, as one shakes it, closes like a nut-cracker. The hand is almost perfectly square. "I'm in the household appliance business," he says. "You want an appliance, you come see me. I'll give it to you at cost. I asked Bobby to come in the business, but he wants to fight. I tell him, O.K., but dance around and don't get hit so much."

As the crowd leaves the dressing room, Halpern's friends are still milling around, still making noise. A black 30-year-old light heavy named Dave Dittmar, who has had more than 100 pro fights, is sitting on a chair, a towel over his head. He waves to Bobby. "Hey, Halpern," he says, "you got it made, man, you're going places. Hey, Halpern, you know you're a hero up here."

Another month later, in June, Halpern fights again, a six-rounder against Diego Roberson in Circle-Go-Round in Nanuet, N.Y. The fight is stopped in the first round after Roberson sustains a deep cut over one eye. Sitting on the crowd is Francis McPartland, the detective who had arrested Halpern on the big one 19 years ago. This is nothing new. The cops from the precinct have followed Halpern's recent career almost as avidly as the neighborhood guys. They've gone to see him fight.

"I wanted to see what Halpern looked like," McPartland says. "He hasn't changed much, a little heavier maybe. He spent an hour signing autographs for kids. They came up here in buses to see him fight. The place holds 3,000, and 2,000 of them must have been people from Bobby's neighborhood. It wasn't what you'd call a great fight. They ran at each other and batted heads, and this fellow got cut. It was more like a billy goat fight."

"It wouldn't have gone more than another round," Halpern says. "After he got the cut, I started hitting him. I would have knocked him out. You know what? The guy was crying."

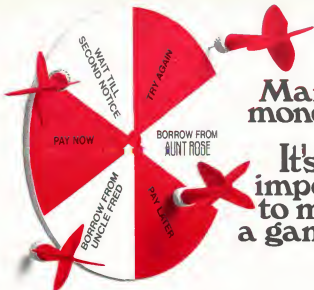
In September, Halpern knocks out Johnny Blaine in three in Nanuet. He also comes away from the fight with a broken jaw. A doctor wires it to hold the fracture steady. After three weeks, Halpern pulls out the wires himself and starts training again. He has been promised an eight-round main event in Westchester on Nov. 9, a \$500 paycheck.

The commission doctor looks at Halpern's jaw. "I don't think I'm going to pass you," he says. But then he sees the look in Halpern's eyes and he approves the bout.

Then two possible opponents back out of the fight, leaving Halpern without a spot on the card. As the last minute, Diego Roberson volunteers to face Halpern for the second time. It proves to be a mistake: he winds up in Grasslands Hospital with a severe concussion, the result of a thundering left hook delivered by Halpern at 1:09 of the seventh round. Roberson did not move for five minutes after Halpern hit him.

Halpern trains at the Cage Recreation Center in White Plains, a school for teenage dropouts. He works with the kids. "I pay him \$100 a month, but it's just for expenses," says Les Fernandez, the director of the center. "He's ter-

continued



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# Meet the new generation

**COMEBACK**

continued

rific with the youngsters. They get a big kick out of going up to see him fight. I wish I could pay him more, but we're not budgeted for it."

The director of boxing at the Cage is a tiny old man named Charlie Caserta, who once handled Halpern at the Mount Carmel CVO in the amateurs, almost 30 years ago. He is Halpern's current manager, of sorts. He points to a bulletin board on a wall in the Cage gym, to a picture of another of his old fighters, Billy Bello, a middleweight. An old newspaper clipping reads, **BILLY BELLO, ILL.'S OUR NOMINATION FOR ROOKIE OF THE YEAR**.

"Billy won 75 out of 78," Caserta says. "The best thing going. He was pulling down \$5,000 fighting main events in the Garden. He killed himself of an overdose."

**B**ello is also well remembered by the Bronx Robbery Squad, housed in the 48th Precinct headquarters under the Cross Bronx Expressway. "A burglar," says a detective who is a member of the squad. "I locked him up once. A good fighter, though."

"I worked on the case when Bello OD'd," says another detective. "They dropped him out of a car in front of the emergency ward at Fordham Hospital. Then they drove away. They were afraid. They took him to the hospital, though. Give them credit for that. They could have dropped him in the street."

Detectives on the Bronx squad do not like Halpern's chances of staying out of prison, boxing or no boxing. They see things from the underside. They have seen too many neighborhood kids turn into pimps and pushers, triggermen and hijackers.

"That's one of Halpern's hangouts," one detective says, pointing to a bar on Arthur Avenue. The detectives are driving around the neighborhood. "It's a hangout for the heavy hitters of organized crime," he says. "What do you think Bobby's doing in a place like that?"

The shorter of the two detectives, who has a tough, bulldog face, thinning black hair and darting eyes, was once a very promising Bronx middleweight himself—18 straight victories as a pro. "Eighteen fights and I never kissed the canvas," is the way he puts it. Then one day, early in 1956, he said to himself, "I'm never going to be champ. I'm never

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## COMEBACK

continued

er going to get there," and he went down to Gleason's gym and cleaned out his equipment. A year later he was a cop.

"I've seen so many," he says. "Frankie Palermo, good middleweight, good left hooker. Came from Arthur Avenue. He beat Tony Janiro after Janiro's knee operation. Had Charley Fusari on the deck. Then he went cuckoo. You'd be sitting next to him in the gym after a workout, and he'd be drying out and he'd start talking to himself. Nuts. He became a strong-arm guy for a shylock on Fordham Road. One day he went out to collect from a guy ... what was the guy's name? It doesn't matter. Frankie slapped him around, embarrassed him. The guy came back with a .45. Boom, he put three in Frankie. Right here on Hughes Avenue in a candy store.

"See this place? Used to be a bar called Lorbes in the basement of the gym where Bobby trained, where I trained, too. It was a hangout for everybody. The cops would be on one side of the bar, the bad guys on the other. Now it's a joint for burglars, junkies and winos."

The car passes a bar in the middle of the next block. One of the detectives identifies it as another racket hangout, another place where Halpern had been seen.

"Why don't I think Bobby will make it?" he says. "Because I've seen too many come out of jail with what they think are street smarts, but when they come into the real world they've lost all that. They're two-bit nobodies. So they become tough guys. Pretty soon someone takes them by the hand. Hey, want to do a couple of two-bit jobs?" Then there's bigger money. Move a few kilos of junk, be a strongarm. Pretty soon they take a fall and they're back inside.

"Some of the guys I grew up with in the neighborhood, well, I knew they were into things. Gambling, numbers, nothing heavy. Then I'm called to do a wiretap on them. So I sit on the wire and find out what they're really into ... dope, juvenile prostitution, the works."

It is a hard and one-sided view, but it is not shared by all. Solidly behind Halpern is his probation officer, Jerry Wells. Wells is a unique person, a Bronx guy who used the tall, gangly frame of a basketball player to keep out of trouble. Bachelor's degree from NYU, Master's in Criminal Justice, probation officer for 18 years, he is an example of the ideal-

istic and dedicated type of person you occasionally find laboring in the vast web of the New York correctional system.

"Police always take a pessimistic view, it's natural with them," Wells says. "But they don't know Bobby like I know him. When you read about his background and the kind of life he grew into, you realize that this kid was a loser from the day he was born. But he's different from the other guys. He's got ambition. His whole ambition is to be something, to be a professional fighter. That's good. It makes him unique. It's what keeps him going at age 44.

"Look, I'll tell you something. Four months after he was paroled to me he got in trouble. That was a year ago May. He was speeding on Route 9W in Rockland County, and he sideswiped a car, and then he took off and finally got out of the car and ran. The cops found him hiding behind a storm drain. Reckless endangerment, it's a parole violation. Do you know they could have sent him back to jail for life for that?"

I got him remanded to me to continue parole. He paid a \$500 fine. I interviewed him in prison that night. He hadn't been drinking. He got scared and he panicked. He was docile, and the cops said he gave them no trouble when they brought him in. I have 60 paroles in my care. I think I can judge a few of them. I think Bobby's gonna be O.K.; I think he's gonna make it."

Halpern has got a chance as long as he keeps fighting, and so far he's 6-0 with five knockouts since he came out of prison, 8-1 lifetime as a pro. But how much fighting is left for a 44-year-old heavyweight, even a uniquely talented one? Three nights a week he works as a bouncer in a club, which in itself could be risky.

"Cops are always cynical," says Joseph Zinzi, the brother of Halpern's Green Haven buddy, Anthony Zinzi, and a neighborhood youth worker. "They think he's going to be tempted. I think they're wrong. You make an equation—the amount of time he's spent in the can to the offer he might get—and, well, I think he's got more common sense."

"You know, you just can't understand what a legend Bobby Halpern is in this neighborhood. When I was a kid, everyone wanted to be an Iron Duke. They were the immortals, the Roman legions. Everyone wanted to be a Bobby Halpern."

How quickly we forget our legends."

In some places Halpern is not forgotten, he is merely past-tensed, a great fighter who might have made it. At Frankie's social club and coffee shop across the street from Bishop Perneck Plaza, they talk about the great neighborhood fighters, Paolo Rossi and the Viserta brothers and Johnny Rinaldi, who was a terrific fighter until Bunny Davis took him out with one punch, who used to come in and yell, "Gimme a coffee" and slam the counter so hard the dishes would rattle.

"Halpern?" an old-timer says. "If he didn't get sent away he would have been a champeen, and a good champeen."

Halpern is hurrying down East 187th Street, on the way to meet Larry Morris, whose real name is Viggiano, who was Bobby's manager when he first turned pro 24 years ago. A friend mentions that the police are a bit skeptical about the bars he's been hanging out in, about his chances of staying out of prison.

"Those aren't my places," Halpern says. "I hang out in a bar near 186th and Hughes. They do a little numbers there, that's all. Look, when a guy does a lot of time, who are the guys he's going to hang out with? You have to go back to the people you knew before. The legitimate people'll talk to me, but in their minds I'm still a criminal. Same thing with the hacks upstate. No matter who you are, you're an animal because you've been behind the cage."

"I've had all kinds of propositions—robberies, hijacking. I told 'em to forget it. A guy who does 60 days, a year—we call it the installment plan—he might be ready to look for action. But a guy like me who does a big bit is different. You've given up 17 years out of your life, and you're not too ready to do it again. You know you can't afford to."

"I know time's running out on me as a fighter. But I know I could make some money if they gave me some work in the Garden. That unbeaten guy, Jerry Cooney, a guy pulled out of the fight with him in the Garden. I called Duke Stefano, the matchmaker, and I said, 'How about it for me with Cooney?' and he said, 'Forget it, Bobby, we've got bigger things for you.'"

Later in the day, after Halpern has met Morris, his friend calls Stefano at the Garden.

continued



# "Senor, making good tequila is like looking for a good woman."

"It's the little things that count." Two Fingers reportedly muttered those words to an admirer in Oklahoma.

Of course, the attention to details he gave his Two Fingers Tequila paid off handsomely in the mid-30's. Everywhere he drove his truck, his tequila proved to be an instant hit.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he was known to boast. "Then I put my special 'touch' to it."

He never told what that "touch" was. Just like he rarely talked about Honey, his companion—and the one person he seemed to give a lot of attention to.

People don't remember much about her—except her eyes. "If you're looking for a

good woman, look at her eyes," Two Fingers once commented.

Later he winked and supposedly said: "I watch those eyes like I watch the tequila in my distillery. A little sparkle means everything's just right."

Honey appears to have stayed with Two Fingers through thick and thin—almost up to the very end.

Our sources say Two Fingers made his last trip north of the border near the end of the 30's.

When he turned his truck south again, people along the route reported the rider's seat was empty.

Rumor has it Honey remained behind to visit relatives. That doesn't seem too likely, however.

Maybe that's why Two Fingers never came north again.

Whatever the case, they don't make them like Two Fingers and Honey anymore.

But luckily Two Fingers Tequila lives on.



©1977 Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, IL, San Francisco, CA  
Tequila 100 Proof Product of Mexico.



## COMEBACK

continued

"I used him 19 years ago. I ain't forgotten him," Stefano says. "I'm going to save him for a shot against Cooney on TV. He reminds me of Bummy Davis, that kind of fighter. I'm saving him for a five- to ten-thousand-dollar shot, one of those big paydayes."

The friend thinks about Larry Morris, an old man with a day's growth of beard, sitting in a joint he calls a haberdashery shop, staring out the window. "A white hope, a crowd pleaser," Morris says, watching the late afternoon traffic on East 157th. "Gets into a little argument and he's gone for 17 years. Seventeen long years. My dreams went with him. It's like a person losing a fortune in the stock market."

And the friend recalls the first time he saw Bobby. He was punching the heavy bag in the Cage Recreation Center, and Charlie Caserta, the little, white-haired manager, was watching him.

"See that guy?" Caserta said. "He was once worth a million dollars."

Move ahead now to a couple of weeks ago, and a friend of Halpern's gets a call from one of the neighborhood guys. "Bobby's in a bad way," the man says. "They switched parole officers on him. They took away Jerry Wells and gave him an oldtimer who's been in the department 25 years. They don't get along. See what you can do, huh?"

The friend places a call to Edward Hammock, the chairman of the parole board. "Yes, Officer Wells was transferred from the Rockland County and Bronx area to Westchester and Mount Vernon. Yes, Halpern was reassigned to Officer Samuel Lindsey. It is not policy to further change a reassignment. I imagine it can be done in an extreme case, but it is not policy. You say Halpern is unhappy? Well, I'll look into it."

The matter is referred to William J. Cashel, the area director. Cashel is a hard-nosed administrator. A conversation with him is like a tennis match with someone who keeps serving before you're

in the receiver's box. It's tough to get a word in.

"It's strictly administrative," Cashel says. "The men work geographical areas. Halpern's unhappy with Sam Lindsey? Well, that's too bad. I consider Lindsey a top man. I consider him able to handle any case."

"This nonsense of relationship. Halpern was happy with Jerry Wells because Wells left him alone; he didn't make him toe the line. Well, that's ended now. I'm not going to move Wells back for another reason, too. It's a waste of travel time. It costs us expense money."

Halpern trains in White Plains, which is located in Westchester County. Wells' new territory. This is mentioned to Area Director Cashel.

"Look, my friend," Cashel says, "if Halpern gets in trouble, it's his own fault. You don't go to a surgeon because you like him personally. The last thing I need is for a parolee to tell me who his parole officer is."

END

## Skandinavik introduces Rich Aromatic, the answer to all your pipe dreams.



Skandinavik Rich Aromatic is a distinctive new blend of Danish long-cut tobaccos with a rich full-bodied flavor and a smooth, good taste.

With your first puffs of Rich Aromatic, you will appreciate this careful selection of fine tobaccos from all over the world. Like Skandinavik's other two popular pipe tobaccos, Regular and Mildly Aromatic, Rich Aromatic burns smoothly and evenly without burning your mouth. For full-bodied taste and rich aroma, ask for Rich Aromatic from Skandinavik.



Skandinavik  
Danish Long-Cut Tobacco

# Savor the season slowly.

During this time when everyone rushes about from shopping to home to parties, we suggest you set aside a few long moments to enjoy the good things in life - like Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon.

Walker's DeLuxe is aged eight long years.

It has the mellow smoothness you must sip slowly to enjoy thoroughly.

We even recommend you take at least one half hour to appreciate its full body and warm flavor.

Walker's DeLuxe is clearly something special. One of the finer things you'll want to savor this year.

Or, perhaps it's an ideal gift. Fifth or elegant decanter and gift wrapped at no extra charge.

What better expression of holiday cheer than a gift it took *eight* years to bring to perfection.

Savor the season— with Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon.



## WALKER'S DE LUXE BOURBON

AGED **8** YEARS

Finding better ways.



## U.S. Steel kept the environment in mind while building one of America's most spectacular bridges.



J.H. Kelly, Project Superintendent,  
American Bridge Division, U.S. Steel



The "double cableway" system moved massive  
steel sections into position over the gorge.

"Building a bridge over a gorge nearly 900 feet deep is a tremendous challenge," says J.H. Kelly, Project Superintendent for the American Bridge Division of United States Steel, "especially when environmental considerations are so important."

The design of the New River Gorge Bridge in West Virginia called for innovative construction methods.

For example, a way had to be found to economically move over 22,000 tons of massive steel sections into position for erection over the gorge. The answer was a "double cableway" system: the steel sections were moved on two trolleys which ran on three-inch steel cables—with temporary 360 foot towers sup-

porting the cables on each side of the gorge.

The use of the "double cableway" system was a first for a bridge of such massive proportions, and proved to be a great time-saver in building this, the longest main arch span bridge in the world.

Because ecology was a major consideration for the designers of the bridge, the construction material selected was USS COR-TEN steel. This versatile weathering steel forms its own protective oxide coating, that in time takes on a handsome earth-brown color which harmonizes with its natural setting.

At U.S. Steel we're always trying to find better ways to do things, and the New River Gorge Bridge is one example of a job in which we were able to successfully combine the interests of efficiency, aesthetics and ecology.

United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230

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**We're  
involved.**

# I steal for a living

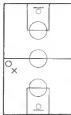
by 'Clyde' Frazier

## The art of the steal.

There is a time and a place for stealing.

If you miss, your man should not be able to go in for a basket or create a two-on-one situation. So a good place to steal is just when your man is crossing half-court—in the outside corners. The side-line plays like an extra man for your team. If you go for the ball and miss, the guy can only go out of bounds.

There are times early in a game when I could make a steal, but I might prefer to keep the other guy feeling complacent. Then he's easier to steal from later, when the game gets tight and everything is crucial. A steal then could really crush the other team.



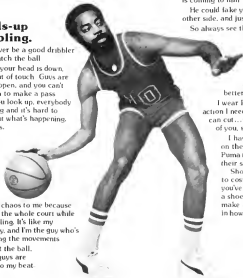
## Heads-up dribbling.

You'll never be a good dribbler if you watch the ball.

While your head is down, you're out of touch. Guys are coming open, and you can't see them to make a pass. When you look up, everybody is moving and it's hard to figure out what's happening. It's chaos.

It's not chaos to me because I can see the whole court while I'm dribbling. It's like my symphony, and I'm the guy who's controlling the movements.

I've got the ball, and the guys are moving to my beat.



## Why I play it cool.

Most guys show strain on their faces. If I'm applying pressure, I can see they don't like it. So I do it even more. Whereas if you pressure me I still look the same way. You don't know whether to keep it up or back off.

On the inside, I'm just like everybody else. But I've developed a technique of not showing any emotion. So you can't read me. That's why people say I'm cool.



## One big mistake.

If you face-guard your man, you won't know when the ball is coming to him. Or which side it's coming from.

He could fake you to one side, take the pass on the other side, and just walk in back-door.

So always see the ball and your man.

## Traction & action.

I always tell kids to go for the best in a basketball shoe. Some of it is psychological. If the shoes feel right on your feet, then you're going to feel better playing in them.

I wear Puma<sup>®</sup>. They give me the traction and action I need. I like the grip of them, the way you can cut...you can move in them. They're a part of you, so you feel ready.

I have a wide foot. When it smacks down on the court it gets even wider. The guys at Puma think about things like that. They build their shoes on a wider last—for athletes.

Should you wear Puma? Listen, it's going to cost you. But if you're good enough—if you've earned your stripes—a shoe this good can make a difference in how you play.



The Puma 'Basket'  
Imported by Beconta



**PUMA**

You've  
earned your stripe



Edited by GUY FLOOD

## AFC VS. NFC

Sir

I found Joe Marshall's story on the superiority of the American Football Conference (Vince, You Wouldn't Believe It, Nov. 21) pretty ridiculous. I'm sure I could make as strong a case for the NFC. I would simply start with Walter Payton. Then I would mention that Seattle (AFC) traded a first-round draft choice to the Dallas Cowboys (NFC) who picked Tony Dorsett. The leading passer in all of pro football is Pat Haden (NFC). Second is Roger Staubach (NFC). Jim Hart (NFC) is ahead of Steve Grogan and Ken Anderson. Baltimore, led by NFLers John Unitas and Earl Morrall, won the Super Bowl before Bert Jones was drafted.

I'll accept AFL superiority when you discount Cleveland, Baltimore and Pittsburgh wins. By the way, Joe Greene and L. C. Greenwood came from the NFL.

J. P. FERRARA  
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sir

Is this magazine supposed to be objective, or do we have to contend with the subjectivity of Joe Marshall?

TIM MARSH  
Parkersburg, Pa.

Sir

Now that Joe Marshall is through bitching the NFC, let's look at something he conveniently forgot to include. In criticizing the inept scouting and drafting in the NFC, he somehow forgot to mention that one of his "few exceptions"—Dallas—is probably the best team in pro football (AFC or NFC) this year. So let the AFC run away with the NFC for now. What difference could it possibly make? The Cowboys will be wearing Super Bowl XII rings come January.

ARDELL SCHAEFFER  
College Station, Texas

Sir

After reading Joe Marshall's interesting and informative article on why the AFC dominates the NFL, I checked the week's NFC-AFC matchups. When I saw that a Dallas-Pittsburgh game was scheduled, I prepared to write you telling how the underdog NFC team (Dallas) beat one of the AFC's best (Pittsburgh). However, the Steelers made one of the NFC's finest teams look bad by defeating the Cowboys 28-13. Moreover, in the other AFC-NFC game the Browns easily beat the NFC Giants 21-7. I am truly apologetic for questioning the validity of Marshall's words.

ETHEAN KLENGARBER  
Scandale, N.Y.

Sir

Who cares if the AFC is better than the NFC? I am sure NFC owners don't mind eating humble pie as long as the AFC is paying for it. With merger payments continuing until 1987, the NFC can catch up and get fat at the same time. It seems as if the NFC is getting humiliated all the way to the bank.

RICHARD R. WILLIAMS  
Needridge, Ill.

Sir

After reading your article, it occurred to me that maybe Lamar Hunt should get together with the other AFC owners and form a separate league. They could even call it the American Football League, for lack of a better name. They should hire Al Davis as " czar" with a lifetime contract and negotiate their own TV contracts.

Then about three or four years down the road, they could invite the NFC in as a junior partner. Indemnification and territorial rights should be around \$5 million per NFL team. Tim for tax!

SID LEVIN  
Denver

## IN PURSUIT OF WOODY'S CAP

Sir

In regard to your mention of the Oklahoma University "student trainer" who tried to steal Woody Hayes' cap (SCORECARD, Nov. 7), your facts were sketchy. I am not a trainer. I'm an equipment manager. Moreover, I was not actually trying to steal the cap when I got belted. Here's the story.

Chuck Lester, another manager, and I decided that Hayes' cap would make an interesting piece of memorabilia for Coach Barry Switzer to have in his office. After the game I spotted our coveted prize and made a bee-line for it, but Hayes was flanked by two Ohio State warriors who looked none too happy about their close loss to the mighty Big Red. At that point I also realized that I was carrying a chalkboard, which would surely hamper my quickness, speed and agility. Still, I pressed on. At point-blank range, with hand poised to make the snatch, however, I reconsidered my disadvantages. I also remembered that such an act would not be in keeping with the class that Oklahoma football is noted for, so I decided to offer my hand to Coach Hayes. Instead, I quickly covered with, "Heck of a game, Coach Hayes." He replied, "Get the hell outta my way!" and stopped me short of the first down, so to speak.

I believe I did the right thing in not going through with the snatch. I also believe that people have gotten down on Hayes too much. His actions are prompted not so much by at-

titude as by competitive spirit. Besides, I like to consider myself a member of the Hit by Woody Hayes Club and the more extensive it is the better.

LARRY COV  
Norman, Okla.

## STEADFAST FAN

Sir

In your Nov. 28, 1960 issue you included Charles Brownmiller (Lafayette '37) of Eyrton, Pa. in FACTS IN THE CROWD because he had attended his 50th consecutive Lafayette-Lehigh game. On Nov. 19, Brownmiller saw his 67th consecutive Lafayette-Lehigh game. You might consider giving him a "replay."

HAROLD N. RAHS JR.  
Bethlehem, Pa.

• Heat? Heat!—ED

## IN DEFENSE OF GOALIES

Sir

When I tell people that I'm a hockey goalie, they usually look at me out of the corner of their eyes and say something along the lines of "Gee, didn't I see you in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*?" or "How long have you had this problem?" or "I know a good plastic surgeon." Well, after seeing Ned Leffer's photograph of the blunder-Flyer Brad Inver in your Nov. 21 issue (*Just What the Doctor Ordered*), I have a reply.

If you'll notice, the two goalies—Glenn Resch and Bernie Parent—are shown placidly standing shoulder to shoulder, observing the meter from a safe distance. While everyone else was grabbing everyone else, I imagine they had a conversation like this: "Gee, Bernie, it looks rough in there, doesn't it?" "Yeah, it does. Chico. And they say we're nuts!"

I'll take flying pucks over flying fists and elbows any day. I'm sure Bernie and Glenn stand Rogie and Wayne and Ken and Gillett would agree.

JONATHAN FREED  
Stamford, Conn.

## STRONG WOMAN

Sir

As a schoolteacher, football coach and power lifter/body builder, I enjoyed the article about Jan Todd (*The Pleasure of Being the World's Strongest Woman*, Nov. 14). She squat-lifts more than I do! Jan and Terry Todd are to be admired not only for their success in power lifting, but also for the success they have achieved in their life-style.

JOSEPH REYNOLDS  
Torrington, Conn.

Sir

Your article on Jan Todd made my day! Yes, some of us are built for power. For years



# Yesterday

by GEORGE GIFFE

## AN INDOOR FOOTBALL GAME WAS ONE OF THE SPORT'S DARKEST MOMENTS

Following the announcement of the first indoor football game in the Midwest, there were more than a few complaints and witty jabs. "Such a hothouse idea!" said one joker. "Contrary to the spirit of the game," moaned a purist. A real rooster, he added, "prefers to tramp around in the mud or snow and yell himself into a croupy condition rather than be confined to a hard-bottomed chair and breathe a torpid atmosphere."

An advocate of the idea countered that the indoor setting "will be the most perfect arrangement for seeing a football game which has ever been devised. . . . It will pass into history as the best and most thoroughly viewed conflict waged on a college gridiron."

Thus the debate went, not in 20th-century Houston but in Chicago during the fall of 1896. The site was to be the Chicago Coliseum, a cavernous structure with a seating capacity of about 20,000. Because Chicago's weather often turned foul in November, then as now, city officials decided to use the Coliseum for the Thanksgiving Day game between Michigan and Amos Alonzo Stagg's University of Chicago team. The press reaction was generally enthusiastic. "Since its erection, the Coliseum has held a variety of sounds," wrote the *Daily Inter Ocean*. "Its iron girders have broken the war whoops of Buffalo Bill's Indians. Its arched roof has hurled back the echo of the oratory of William J. Bryan. Its walls have trembled with . . . the roar of campaign applause. But never was there heard in that building the loudest, most unique and picturesque noise in the universe—the college yell." Added the *Tribune*, "As far as the audience is concerned it might be grand opera or a Shakespearean drama. . . . The boxes are placed near the scene of the conflict, just as they are nearest the stage in a theater."

Besides bemoaning the playing of football indoors as a breach of tradition, opponents of the idea posed practical ob-

jections. One charge was that there would be audio difficulties for signal-callers, "that the place will reverberate with the yelling of the assembled thousands until it will be impossible to think, much less to talk." The *Tribune* suggested that "the eleven with a series of movements without audible signals will be the one having the advantage."

The lighting was also a subject for debate. Although the Coliseum had numerous windows, visibility in the hall tended to range from excellent to abysmal. During the summer months, the incoming light was so bright that drapes had to be placed over the windows to reduce glare. If the drapes were left in place on a dark day, however, the arena resembled a tomb.

Another controversy was over the effect confinement would have on the athletes. Outdoor advocates contended, "The pressure of an intense crowd . . . will pollute the atmosphere even in a structure of such massive proportions. . . . The players will be enervated and unable to play with snap and vigor."

As for the real possibility that a punt might hit one of the girders holding up the roof, no one seemed to know what to recommend. This eventuality was soon forgotten amid the pregame bullyhoo attending the arrival of the Michigan players, who were depicted as behemoths because they outweighed Chicago's athletes 175 pounds to 170 pounds per man. Despite this disparity, the game loomed as a "scientific test of the comparative merits of two distinct systems of play." Michigan slugged out yardage along the ground, Chicago, led by punter Clarence Herschberger, depended on a strong kicking game.

Despite a downpour outside, Chicago Coliseum was filled to near-capacity on Thanksgiving Day 1896. By no stretch of the imagination can the contest be described as a classic. One first-half play seemed to come straight out of vaudeville. Backed against its goal line, Michigan attempted to punt, but a Chicago player broke through and batted the ball out of the end zone and into the seats. "Both teams dashed after it," a reporter wrote, "and the unfortunate spectators fell over chairs to get out of the way. Halfway up, a Michigan man discovered it. He fell on the ball in the aisle, making a safety touchdown, and Chicago had scored two points."

After Chicago got the ball back, the

Maroons' Herschberger drop-kicked a field goal from 45 yards out to bring the score to 7-0, field goals being worth five points in those days. Considering the style of play, such a lead seemed insurmountable, but Michigan gave it the old college try. Three times it drove within the Chicago 10-yard line only to fumble or lose the ball on downs. In the meantime, as the sky outside darkened, so did the arena until, by the second half, it was not only impossible for the fans to view the players, but it was also difficult for the players to get a glimpse of the ball. "The fullbacks were unable to see the ball and were forced to wait until it struck the ground to locate it," the *Inter Ocean* reported. At this juncture, Michigan put together a good drive. "It was too dark to see how," wrote a newsmen, "but Michigan advanced the ball 15 yards. Somebody went around the left end for five more . . . then a touchdown." Unfortunately for the Wolverines, a touchdown and extra point then added up to only six points. Michigan trailed 7-6.

Eventually it became so dark that the game was halted so that the arc lights, which were suspended from the bottom of the gallery, could be turned on. During the pause, reported the *Tribune*, "Someone struck a match to light a cigar. Someone else thought it was done as a joke to secure a little illumination and lighted another match. Then others took it up and in a minute hundreds of matches were blazing around the entire field."

Shortly afterward, Michigan fumbled once again to score, and Chicago won. Attempts to analyze the success or failure of the indoor game proved inconclusive. A Michigan trainer was understandably negative. "The ground was soft and should have been underlaid with clay," he complained. "Instead it was a sandy loam mixed with fine shavings. The only place to play a football game is outdoors on the sod."

The Chicago papers gave the contest mixed notices. "There was none of the sunshine," one wrote, "none of the sparkling snow and none of the coaching parties that made last year's game spectacular. It was the close score and enthusiasm and immense crowd which marked the game. Had the day outside been pleasant, the idea of football indoors must have been pronounced a failure."

It was, in short, an idea whose time had not yet come.

# We turned waste water from this refinery into a natural wildlife habitat.



*Phillips Petroleum's refineries at Sweeny, Texas.*

For years, the fresh waters of the San Bernard River have attracted a wide variety of wildlife to the marshlands around Sweeny, Texas.

But with a Phillips Petroleum refinery located nearby, it's easy to see why some people became concerned about the potential threat of water pollution on the surrounding environment.

Instead of water pollution, however, the Phillips refinery has provided a clean, safe and healthy habitat for wildlife and domestic livestock alike.

## 10 steps to a cleaner environment

Before waste water leaves our refinery, the people of Phillips Petroleum put it through a 40-day purification process to insure it is clean.



*Wading birds thrive in and around the water from Phillips' refineries.*

The special 10 step purification process we use includes such things as a "sour water strip per" for removing sulfides, oil water separators, mechanical aerators, and a series of 35-acre oxidation ponds.

## A purification system that works

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But the many reptiles, fish and waterfowl that live around the spillway, as well as the wildlife and cattle that drink from our creek, provide living proof of this system's total effectiveness. In fact, dozens of species of animals have come to rely on the clean water that comes from the Phillips refinery as an important part of their natural habitat.

## Setting the standards for water quality

The water purification program at our Sweeny, Texas refinery has worked so well, the Environmental Protection Agency used it to help set water quality standards for similar refineries.

But our efforts here are no isolated case. They are part of a total conservation program involving all Phillips refineries, oil rigs, chemical plants and other production facilities.

Protecting the environment while we make fine products for your car. That's performance. From Phillips Petroleum.

**The Performance Company**



# "Here's where some Ford-built cars get to go through some of the toughest tests they got to go through."

Right here is where some Ford, Mercury and Lincoln cars face some of the toughest conditions a car will ever have to face...anywhere in the world.



This fan is bigger than my old neighborhood.

## Tough Test #1.

Push a button and a giant fan starts blowing winds up to a hundred and forty miles an hour. Now when we add water to the wind, we got us a hurricane! It's a tough test for water leaks...around the doors...around the windows...around the trunk...around the hood.



How come I feel it's gonna last 40 days and 40 nights?



Chatter...chatter...chatter...chatter

## Tough Test #2.

Push a Cold Button and the temperature drops to zero degrees. In just a short time you and the test car are sitting at the North Pole freezing your fenders off. This is how we test the operation of



That because it's a roof hang-up.

starter motors, heaters, defoggers, engines, and fuel systems.



I'm not saying Test #3 is hot...but you put an egg on the roof and it's gonna fry.

## Tough Test #3.

Push a Hot Button and 240 overhead heat lamps put us right in the middle of the Sahara Desert. In this 110-degree oven, we test the engine cooling system, air-conditioning, ventilation.

Tests like these are tough on a car. But tough testing makes for tough cars...so, at Ford Motor Company, we do a lot of it.



It's simple. Ford wants to be your car company.

# Christmas Sentiments

The luster of gold, the reflection of sterling silver—an eloquent way to say you're special. Cross writing instruments in select and precious metals. From \$7.50 to \$150.00\*



## 19TH HOLE continued

I've enjoyed pulling tree stumps, tilling the garden, hauling off boulders, etc. I do it not only for the sheer physical joy of meeting those challenges, but also for the joy I feel when my husband and neighbors express their shock that I, a woman, can do these things. I'm 5' 5", 130 pounds.

It's reassuring to me to know other women who are built for strength are not ashamed to use that strength and take joy therein.

KATIE BORDEN  
Salt Lake City

Sir,

Your article on the world's strongest woman was very interesting and informative. I hope that I am lucky enough to find a woman such as Jan Todd.

In the article I was mentioned as the world-record holder in the bench press and identified as a Canadian citizen. This statement is incorrect. First, I don't have the official record yet, because the AAU didn't see fit to fly in the required three international judges for the meet in Hawaii. They told me that they didn't have enough money.

Second, I would like to refute the statement that I am a Canadian. I represented the U.S. at the 1974 world championships and competed in the U.S. junior nationals twice and in the U.S. collegiate nationals twice. I am an American and proud of it! Please get this straight because I plan to be a winner at the next world championships.

WAYNE BOUVER  
Utica, Mich.

## JANE'S POWER

Sir,

Thank you for the fine article on Jane Frederick (Plainly, *Jane Has a Pouch* for the Pentathlon, Nov. 21). One thing bothers me, though. You said that the 157-pound Frederick could bench-press 205 pounds—a fairly hefty lift even for a 157-pound male. What is more, in your article on Jan Todd, the world's strongest woman, you state that Todd's 176.4-pound bench press is just 34 pounds short of the women's world record. I am awed that Frederick, a track and field athlete, can bench-press a weight so close to the world record in an event she does not train competitively for. Please check your figures.

KEN MERENDA  
Temple, Texas

• Frederick, who has been training with weights three days a week since 1973, says she bench-pressed 205 pounds last spring, when she was at the peak of her strength and weighed 165 pounds.—ED.

## MELVILLE'S MEDITATION

Sir,

As an avid surf fisherman and longtime Melville buff, I thoroughly enjoyed the article *Turnout at a Wild Shore* (Nov. 7). William Humphrey and your readers might be interested to know that it was not at Nantucket that Melville had his thought on med-

itation and water. Melville first visited Nantucket in July 1852 when he sailed there with his father-in-law, Judge Lemuel Shaw of Boston. This was almost a year after he had written *Moby Dick*, when the famous passage appeared.

DANIEL MURRAY  
Linwood, N.J.

## BROWN VS. PENN STATE

Sir,

As a recent graduate of Brown University, I was seriously disturbed by the opinions expressed in your *VIEWPOINT* column (Nov. 14). The author ascribed purely financial motives to Brown officials for opting to play Penn State, which, admittedly, has fielded a stronger football team than Brown and expressed a different athletic philosophy.

One of the essences of sport is competition between people and institutions of all sizes and philosophies. Restrictions on competition merely demand this. Implicit in the article is the belief that the student-athletes at Brown would be "embarrassed" if Brown did not beat Penn State. Winning is not the only goal of Brown teams. Another worthy goal is to test one's skills against those of the so-called powers.

As a three-year member of a Brown basketball squad that played Maryland, Ohio State, Cincinnati, Furman, Providence and Wake Forest, I can honestly say that despite losing, I enjoyed the attempt at winning.

JAMES M. BREE  
Linden, N.J.

Sir,

In the excellent *VIEWPOINT* on the 1983 Brown-Penn State apparent mismatch, it might well have been pointed out that Penn State Coach Joe Paterno is a Brown graduate who played quarterback for the Bruins. This might have been the main reason Brown was bold enough to move out of its class.

VINCO WOLFGAEN  
Bethesda, Md.

## ONE FOR THE YEARBOOK

Sir,

Thank you for Bill Gilbert's article on high school football (*That Senior Season*, Nov. 14). Although I played at Canisius High in Brooklyn, I found my experience to be very similar to that of the Vicksburg, Mich. players. From the first week of August practice, which we named "Hell Week," to the athlete's father who always knows more than the coach, similarities abound. Even the personalities are similar. I could match one of my former teammates to each of the Vicksburg players Gilbert mentioned.

I finished my high school career four years ago, but after reading the article I could almost taste the dirt from the grass drills and see my former teammates again. I hope your other readers identified with the story as much as I did.

CARL BUSSETT  
Walker Valley, N.Y.  
continued

# "I don't like bigger gas bills either."



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No matter how hard we watch costs, your gas company can't bring you today's gas at the old prices. But you might like to know that natural gas will still be your best energy value. Projections by energy experts show gas will hold its longtime position in relation to other energies.

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Pick up a Slim Jim® five-pack with your next six-pack. The chewy, all-meat snack will show you very quickly why it became so much at home in bars.

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### 19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

As a past player and a junior high coach, I think the article says a lot about high school football and its effect on everyone involved. I can relate to the various individuals on the Vicksburg team, as they are representative of youngsters all over the country. Bill Gilbert did a great job of getting the feeling across.

STEPHEN D. WOLKOFF  
Indianapolis

Sir:

Bill Gilbert's *Senior Season* was unmercifully long and hopelessly cliché.

JOHN ERYSIAN  
San Diego

### ATLANTA'S CRISS

Sir:

The emergence of Charlie Criss as a star in the NBA (*Very Short and Sweet* in *Atlanta*, Nov. 14) comes as no surprise to those of us who had the opportunity and pleasure of watching him perform his basketball wizardry in the Eastern Basketball League. Having lived in Allentown, Pa., home of the Allentown Jets, I was able to see several games between the Jets and the Scranton Apollos, Criss' team. It was not a rarity to find at the end of a game that Criss alone had outscored the entire backcourt of the Jets. A 40-point game from this human spark plug was a frequent occurrence.

TODD S. RAYMS  
Hampton, Va.

Sir:

Jersey Kirshenbaum's article on Atlanta's Charlie Criss is inspiring. What professional basketball needs is more people of Criss' determination.

GARY CUNNINGHAM  
Lakeland, Fla.

### REVIEWING THE REVIEW

Sir:

Jonathan Yardley's review of *The Game They Played* by Stanley Cohen (*BOOKTALK*, Oct. 24) was shallow and unkind. Both my son and I read the book, and we enjoyed it immensely.

To say the book was irritating because Cohen injects himself into the story is insane. The author's reminiscences, especially when he takes a walk with his son through the streets where he spent his childhood and to the schoolyard where he played basketball, were sensitive and heartwarming.

Clearly, Yardley's review was based upon regional animosity and a distaste for New York. That is all well and good, but it hardly contributes to an objective review. I thought the book was great.

GEORGE GROSSMAN  
Whitestone, N.Y.

Address editorial mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

# 'Tis the C.C. Season!

Time for that spirited holiday cheer that C.C. is famous for. And now, for the holiday season, C.C. comes beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

The image features a bottle of Canadian Club C.C. Blend Canadian Whisky. The bottle has a white label with the brand name in cursive and 'C.C.' in large letters. It also mentions 'Blended and Bottled under Canadian Law by Hiram Walker & Sons, Limited, Walkerville, Ontario, Canada.' and 'THIS WHISKY IS 5 YEARS OLD'. The neck of the bottle has a gold seal with a 'W' and 'C' and the words 'Canadian Club'. To the right of the bottle is its gift-wrapped box, which is gold and silver with various country names like 'JAPAN', 'GERMANY', 'ITALY', 'CANADA', and 'BRITAIN' printed on it. In the foreground, there is a glass of whisky with ice cubes and a red maple leaf.

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